THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 9, 1929
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The Bystander, January 9, 1929

No. 1308. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE HON. DIANA FREEMAN-MITFORD

Whose engagement to Mr. Bryan Guinness, elder son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness and Lady Evelyn Guinness, was recently announced. She is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale, of Swinbrook House, Burford, in Oxfordshire

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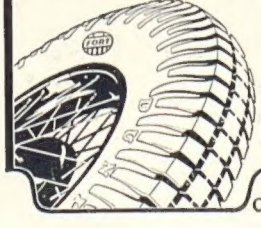

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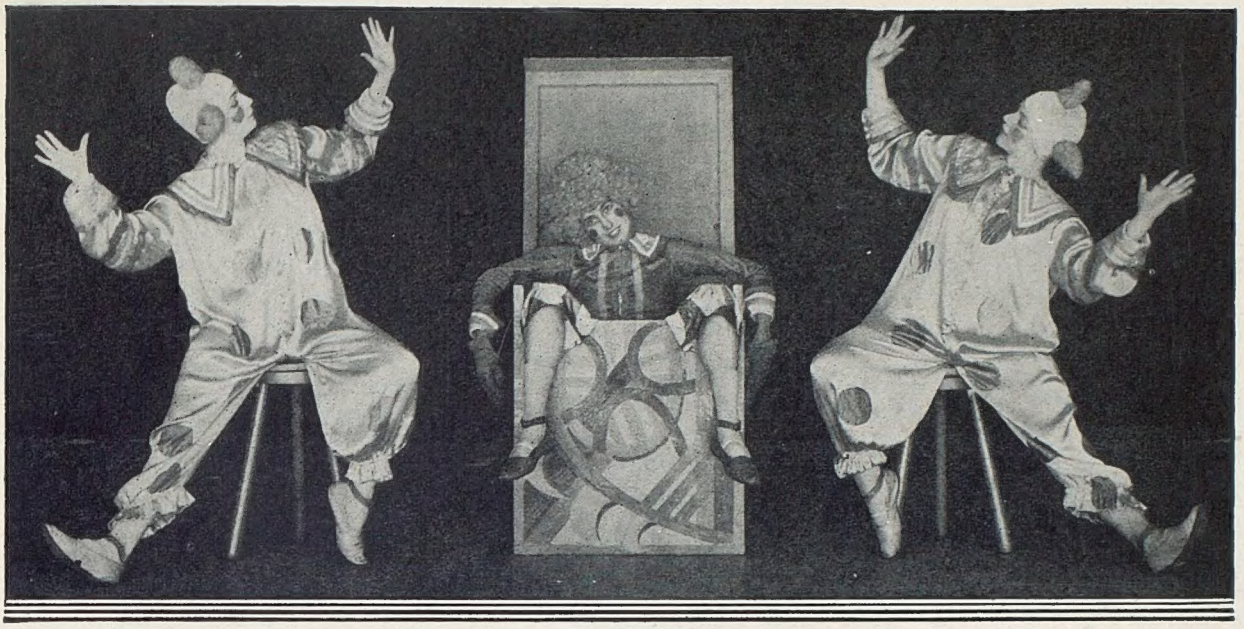


Three of the June Dancers, members of the troupe formed by Miss June Radburn, in one of the dances with which they are delighting Coliseum audiences. The music for "Jack-in-the-Box," the number photographed above, is by Billy Mayerl

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Wonders will never cease."

"How now?"

"Here's a social gossip writer telling the world that he's always being mistaken for the author of 'This Year of Grace.'"

"Ah! Self-consciousness doth make Cowards of us all."

"I believe you! And another bright lad's been calling the suburbs the 'chorus girl's home.'"

"I thought the chorus lived in Berkeley Street, although I know Sir Oswald Stoll's at Putney."

"And doesn't André Charlot favour Barnes?"

"I *really* can't say, Carlton!"

"Do you think the peer's niece will marry the journalist?"

"Don't know much about it, I'm afraid."

"H'm! You've got a lot of leeway to make up, Ritz!"

"I'm glad Lady Ipswich had the summonses against her dismissed."

"So am I. She showed real horse sense by riding on the footpath."

"You've said it. People have enough falls on England without courting any on grease."

"Talking of hunting, a certain M.F.H. was quite annoyed because a coloured man turned up at a meet."

"Fair do's! Why shouldn't a black man hunt in pink? Lots of pink men hunt in black!"

"By the way, I wonder if the noble lord's recovered his temper yet?"

"You mean the one who got in such a rage in the restaurant the other day?"

"Hit it in one. I felt like pointing out that patience surpasses knowledge."

"Especially a knowledge of bad language, Carlton!"

"Let's talk of something more cheerful. The Chelsea Arts was good fun, wasn't it?"

"Most spirited! I thought Miss Elsie looked as charming as ever."

"Sweet as a lily. And how well she and Ivor Novello dance together."

"I was sorry to see that one Albert Hall favourite was missing, though."

"Who was that?"

"Sir Henry Wood. Rumour had it that he was going as Orpheus."

"How about High Politics? See any Westminster bigwigs?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Well, I wondered if Sir Austen would appear as Ajax in football shorts defying the lightning."

"What an idea! He was far too busy to be there now the Foreign Office is interesting itself in the success of English footballers on the Continent."

"Well, if they want us to win matches there why not send the Corinthians instead of the pros.?"

"Talking of pros.—theatrical ones this time—the two young revue stars must have felt fed up when they were booed at the Palladium."

"Yes, the 'bird' and high feather are seldom allied."

"In fact, the weather forecast was 'hail and a bit of frost,' what?"

"Been giving your brain a fresh coat of paint?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Oh I only wondered. You are so very bright."

"I expect my trip to the Isle of Wight did me good."

"Ah, yes. That's a white little, tight little island right enough."

"Not a tight little island as far as the Admiral is concerned."

"Alcohol is forbidden, I hear, in the old homestead."

"Be careful, Ritz! Say 'alleged'!"

"Talking of the Island reminds me that I must be off right away."

"Why?"

"Just going for a Ryde in the Park."

"With Cowes?"

"That is *hardly* a word befitting one of Norman blood, Ritz!"

"Never mind. This Norman can still make a conquest."

"Then I'll leave you to it. Good-bye, Ritz."

"Cheerio, Carlton."

Photopress

Some of those who were present at the recent meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow at Ardenrun Hall, the home of Capt. Woolf Barnato, the racing motorist. The group includes Capt. Woolf Barnato, Mrs. Barnato, Mr. Douglas Benson (the Joint-Master), Mrs. Benson and Mr. Trevor Benson

Sport and General

Viscountess Ipswich photographed on a hunting morning. She was recently summoned at Towcester for riding on a footpath on her way back from hunting, but the case was dismissed on payment of costs when Lady Ipswich wrote that it was to save the risk of injuring her horse's legs on a slippery road

The Queen and the People

THE QUEEN'S message in answer to the Lord Mayor's New Year greetings from the citizens of London was profoundly touching. And it makes history, because no Queen-Consort has ever in past years spoken thus, heart to heart, to the people.

WHO-WHEN-

"The King's illness must take its long and arduous course, but, please God, I may look forward to the lifting of the clouds, and to the happy realisation of the nation's faith and hope." These are brave, hopeful words, characteristic of the belief and courage with which the Queen has faced the most bitterly anxious days of her life. What that courage has been, and how it has upheld others, only those in the Queen's intimacy can tell.

Concerning Princess Elizabeth

THE little Princess Elizabeth already has very definite opinions of her own. She was told that she must always curtsy to the King and Queen before they kissed her. This she flatly declined to do, saying, "I won't turtsey!" And she didn't.

But one day before the King's illness, when she was taken to Buckingham Palace, and the King came into the room she made a beautiful curtsy, a real *plongeon de la cour*, right down to the ground, but with her back to the King!

The King, laughing heartily, took the little lady in his arms.

"Danpa," she said, her pretty nose high up, "I *have* turtsied!"

L.N.A.

Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist photographed at the Quorn meet at Nether Broughton, near Nottingham. They are managing the Prince of Wales's farm at Lenton, Notts

Central News

Lady Anne Cavendish was not deterred by the snow at the meet of the High Peak Harriers at Bakewell, Derbyshire

&-WHERE-

History Repeats Itself

EXACT degrees of relationship after uncles, aunts, and cousins are always bothersome. But there was an incident in the childhood of the Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, which is absolutely on all fours with the backward curtsy of Princess Elizabeth. The Empress Frederick was the King's aunt, so I leave it to you to work out her exact relationship to Princess Elizabeth.

When the Empress Frederick was a little girl she insisted on calling an important Court official by his surname, *tout court*. She was admonished by both her Royal parents; the admonishment was of no avail.

The Majesty of England then informed its eldest daughter that if she repeated this rudeness she would be sent to bed.

The very next day, quite early in the morning, the little Princess Royal, as she then was, encountered the important official in a corridor at Windsor.

"Good morning ——," she said, giving him only his surname, "and it's good night, too, because now I must go to bed!"

The relationship between the Empress Frederick and Princess Elizabeth is actually great-great-aunt and great-great-niece. But the two stories have exactly the same note, haven't they?

Sport and General

Sir Mathew Wilson and the Marchioness Curzon photographed at the Marchioness Curzon's shoot at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke

Two Silver Weddings

LAST week two notable silver weddings were celebrated—those of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and of the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby, the one at Floors Castle, near Kelso, and the other at Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby.

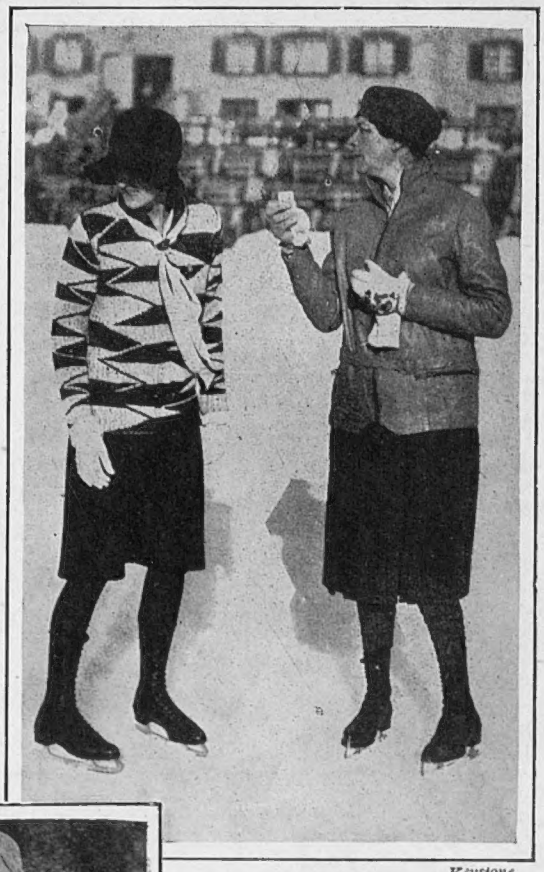
The Duke of Roxburghe was sixteen when he succeeded his father as eighth Duke and chief of the Clan Ker. Eleven years later he married the beautiful Miss Mary Goelet, daughter of Mr. Ogden Goelet, of New York. The Duchess has identified herself with her husband's

Alfieri

Lord Alington and Mrs. Hubert Duggan photographed at Hackwood Park. Mrs. Hubert Duggan is the wife of the Marchioness Curzon's younger son

HIGH POLITICS AND HIGH FINANCE *EN VACANCE*

Sir Henri and Lady Deterding on the ice at Suvretta House, St. Moritz, where they are enjoying a holiday. Sir Henri Deterding is the well-known financier



Lady Evelyn Guinness and Lady Maude Hoare meeting one another on the ice at Suvretta House, St. Moritz. Lady Maude Hoare is the wife of Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air

Keystone

Keystone

interests and pursuits. Amongst other things the Duke is a keen fisherman. The Duchess has become equally expert with the rod. She is also a great gardener, and has made the gardens at Floors a vision of beauty.

Once upon a time the Duke and Duchess rented Chesterfield House, but afterwards settled in Carlton House Terrace, where they have the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston as a neighbour on one side, and Lord Revelstoke on the other.

Sport and General

Miss Worthington-Evans and Lady Worthington-Evans photographed at Cannes, where the Secretary of State for War has been taking a well-earned rest. They are seen here at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Tournament

The New Year for Gourmets

THE Hyde Park Hotel is to a great many of its clientele the most homely perhaps of all our great London caravanseraies of the first rank, and subsequently its New Year entertainment brought together a great many large family parties who, needless to say, enjoyed themselves immensely with the evening's fun and frolic. The Hyde Park did not attempt any spectacular stunt, but the advent of the New Year was ushered in first of all by the singing of the National Anthem, then by that delightful song, "A Health Unto His Majesty." Throughout the evening the management were extremely lavish with their presents and souvenirs, from giant balloons to lipstick and jewellery. The dancing floor and the dance orchestra were as perfect as one always expects to find at this hotel, and by no means last must be mentioned the dinner under the control of Monsieur Servais. It is the opinion of many gourmets that the Chef at the Hyde Park Hotel cannot be beaten by any other restaurant in London, and on New Year's Eve Servais surpassed himself.

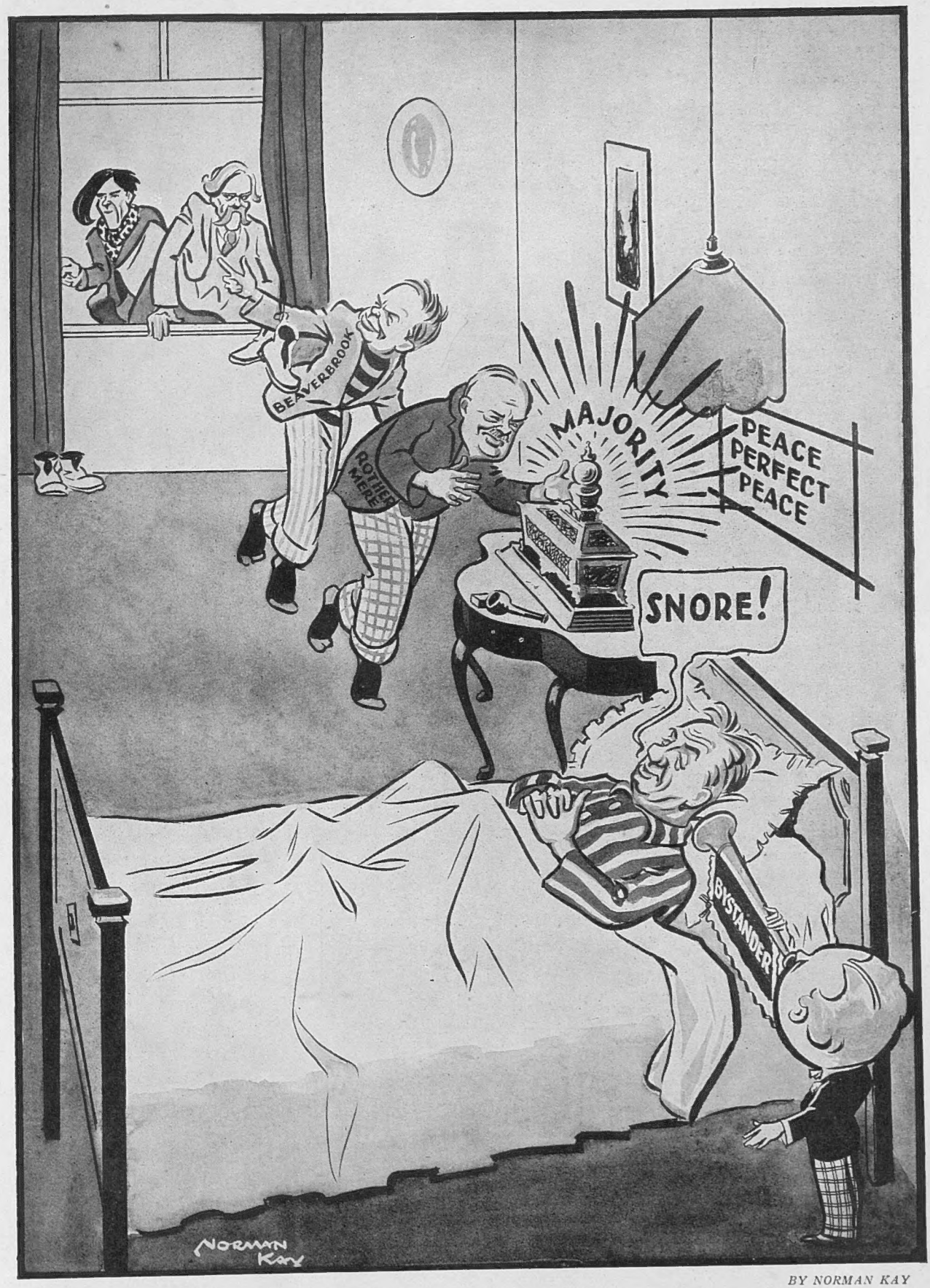
Seeing in the New Year

CHRISTMAS and the New Year's holidays on the Riviera were far more cheery and enjoyable than anyone had dared to hope, and the unexpected arrival at the last minute of various members of the Government, among them Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, with his wife and daughter, and Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, the Postmaster-General, in Cannes made everyone more hopeful about the King. Calm and sunny days were followed by clear moonlit nights, so that whether golfing, playing tennis, or returning home in the small hours from a gala dinner or a *réveillon*, the weather conditions were really pleasant, and all that one could wish.

At Monte

ONE of the largest parties in Monte Carlo was at the Café de Paris, and more elegant than ever under the new management. Princess Adolphe de Wrede brought a large number of friends with her, among them Comte and Comtesse Mortimer Megret, Mrs. Vigo Hansen, and Mr. and Mrs. Singer; while others present included Prince and Princess Pierre of Montenegro, Lady MacCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Claude

(*Continued on page 56*)

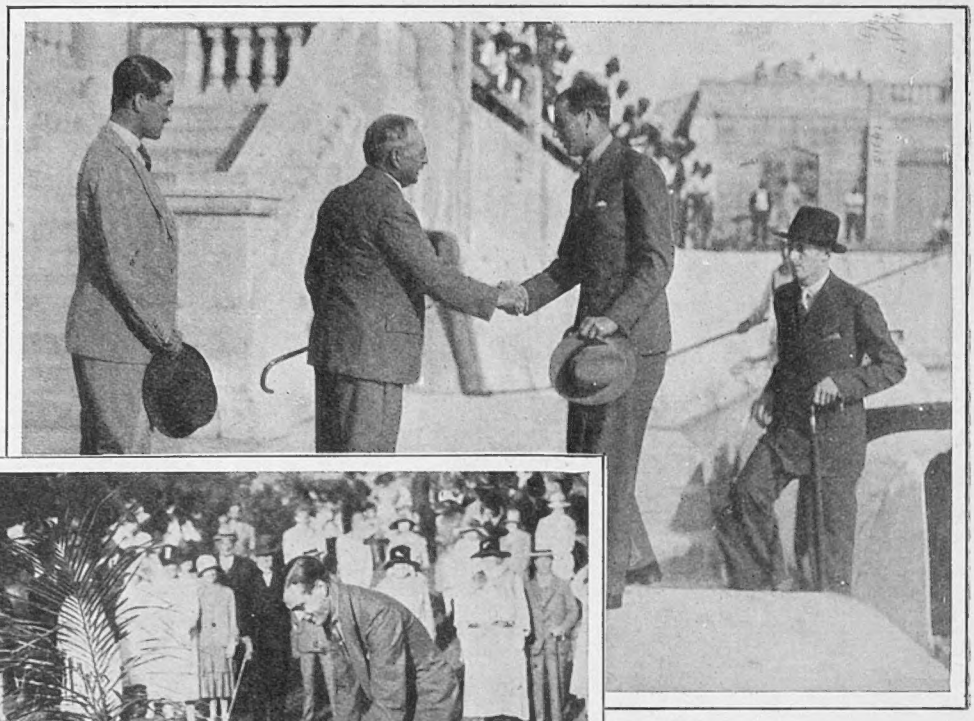


BY NORMAN KAY

IT *MAY* BE THE SLEEP OF THE JUST—

PRINCE GEORGE ON THE BERMUDA STATION

Two photographs taken at Bermuda of Prince George when he was serving as Lieut. Windsor in H.M.S. Durban before his recent return to England. On the right he is seen, accompanied by Lieut. Liddel, being greeted by Mr. Black, the Mayor of Hamilton, on the Yacht Club steps, while behind the Mayor is Capt. G. F. Boles, A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor. Below, Prince George is planting a palm tree in the grounds of Government House, a tradition for visitors to Bermuda from the Royal Family



Photographs Startin and Co.

(Continued from page 54)

Grahame-White, Lady Richards, Colonel Fleetwood-Wilson, and Major Molyneux. About two hundred were dining at the Ambassadeurs, including Sir Thomas and Lady Vansittart Bowater, Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, and Lord Davenport. The Carlton was another very cheery spot, while at the Knickerbocker the directors had been fortunate enough to secure the services of Rex Evans as chief entertainer, and, of course, he is a certainty for drawing a crowd.

The Late Mr. G. Holt Thomas

JUST as we go to press we hear with deep regret of the death of Mr. G. Holt Thomas, the pioneer of British aviation, who died at Cimiez after an operation. Mr. Thomas, who was only 59, was the seventh son of Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I., the founder of *The Graphic* and the *Daily Graphic*, and, with his brother, Mr. Carmichael Thomas, decided to create *The Bystander* in 1903. He was one of the earliest pioneers of motoring, afterwards took up flying, and became the first man to induce Henri Farman to demonstrate its possibilities at Sandown Park. His War service as an organiser and maker of fighting 'planes brought him into the very front rank in aviation, and subsequently he formed the Air Travel and Transport Company to inaugurate the civil air cross-Channel service in 1919.

THE LATE MR. G. HOLT THOMAS

One of the founders of "The Bystander"

His Personality

IN appearance and manner Holt Thomas was a little out of the ordinary, very tall, with a particularly long nose, an apology for a chin, which he disguised with an imperial. He might be said to have resembled somewhat a human cockatoo. He also had great difficulty in keeping his voice under control. In the course of his conversation he would range from key to key with delightful inconsistency, starting perhaps in a low note and suddenly breaking into falsetto, and then again coming into a middle range. Yet with these characteristics he was a man of brilliant brains, great personal charm and courtliness. Gifted with the utmost versatility, he had a profound knowledge of music, and for many years was a leading protagonist of the protection of British industries.

An Arabian Night in Kensington Gore

BY DOUGLAS ALLEN

A few impressions of the Chelsea Arts Club's Ball at the Albert Hall, including a view of Mr. Edmund Dulac's box. The host seen in the back of the box dressed as a Chinaman was, with Mr. Cecil King, who is in Pirate kit, responsible for the scheme of the decorations. The hunting gentleman toasting them is the famous painter of horses, Mr. A. J. Munnings

If--- gossip

L.N.A.

HARD AT WORK

The Duke of Westminster's daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, focusing the Quorn at Nether Broughton

Sasha

A recent photograph of the rising young star Gillian Lind. She made a striking success as the leading lady in Audrey Scott's play, "Wallflowers," recently given at the Three Arts Club

The King's Breakfast

STORIES of the King's illness are legion and mostly apocryphal. I am inclined to believe the following, as it is simple and human, and not nearly sensational enough for anyone to have taken the trouble to invent.

One morning His Majesty showed such signs of improvement that he actually ordered what he wanted for breakfast. There was much discussion as to whether he ought to have it, but eventually it was decided that any craving was a good sign, and that nature had better be obeyed.

So the dish, somewhat dubiously, was prepared. Meanwhile, the King had gone to sleep. When he awoke he glanced for a moment at the food, said, "Take that away. I can't touch anything of that sort"—and went to sleep again.

B.B.cility

THE New Year's message from the B.B.C. was a long and comprehensive affair, tinged with dreadful facetiousness.

Perhaps some people liked it. But I was not the only member of a large party of listeners to find this mixture of seriousness and triviality irritating to the very point of agony.

We know all the trades, desirable and otherwise, and do not need a detailed enumeration by a very "correct" B.B.C. official on such occasions.

Thus are wonderful opportunities wasted!

Hearty Folk

WHY are the British patrons of Alpine sports so infernally hearty?

If you wish to get more than an inkling of why we are not altogether popular on the other side of the Channel cross it about this time of year with a party of hefty youths *en route* for Mürren, Pontresina, or Adelboden—or coming from such spots. I except St. Moritz, for it is exclusive, expensive, and inhabited largely by the Guinness family, who are not hearty.

The young men to whom I refer—some of them are probably in mid-Channel at the present moment (safe and sound on board ship, alas!)—may possess all the virtues. And how annoying even *that* can be!

Sorry, No!

THEIR very "tweedy" tweeds and very "broguey" brogues, and very "pipey" pipes are a vile offence. So are the bundles of skis and the aggressive luggage.

And they assume a *camaraderie* with any male on the boat who may not be sufficiently fortunate to be disguised with a square black beard and the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole.

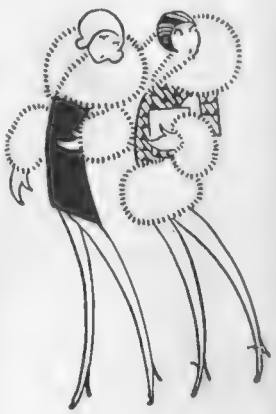
"Weren't you at Uppingham?" a tweedy youth asked me, between puffs, recently. "No," I replied. "But surely you were? Don't you remember old ——?" "No," I still replied. "Er—no, I think not."

By Chicot

"Yes, moddom. It will either reduce your hips or bust"

Abandon Hope . . .

ONE often hears excited protests among those whom it may concern that for an actor, or one connected with the stage, to be elected to the Garrick Club is very difficult.



we must---

Perhaps that is because the morally indignant Mr. James Douglas, fresh from reading "The Wild Party," is a member. Be that as it may, the black ball has of late been the fate of two theatrical managers, who, it must be admitted, are not clubbable men, unless the meaning of the word clubbable is that it is to be applied to a man who should be hit over the head with a club.

A Contrast

THE Garrick is, in point of fact, not primarily a club for actors, but of "those interested in the Drama," among whom a large number of lawyers can be found.

It is not quite a parallel to the Arts Club, which, though mainly for artists, and Royal Academicians in particular, always makes a bit of a fuss over electing a painter. If a candidate is "interested in art" he can often slip in without much question. If he paints, his qualifications are put under the microscope at once and election becomes a devil of a job.

The Poor Public

IN a vast spate of recapitulatory remarks concerning the state of the British theatre in 1928, I award the palm to Miss Viola Tree's expressed opinion that the fact that the public did not flock to any extent to "The Play's the Thing" at the St. James's is a serious reflection on the intelligence of that public.

Miss Tree has frequently been responsible for some charming scenic and decorative ideas at the St. James's.

A Tactful Present

OF all tactful little presents commend me to that issued by the Ambassadors Club to its members. It is a little red pocket diary, and on each copy is embossed in gilt the initials of the member to whom it has been sent

The Ambassadors, which used to be the scene of poor Walter Faber's annual Derby dinner, now has Lord Southborough, General "Jack" Seely, Sir Malcolm Murray, and Mr. Dudley Ward on its committee, and has quite defeated the notion that Conduit Street is too far north.

But the Diplomats Club, only a few yards away, soon perished.

Why?

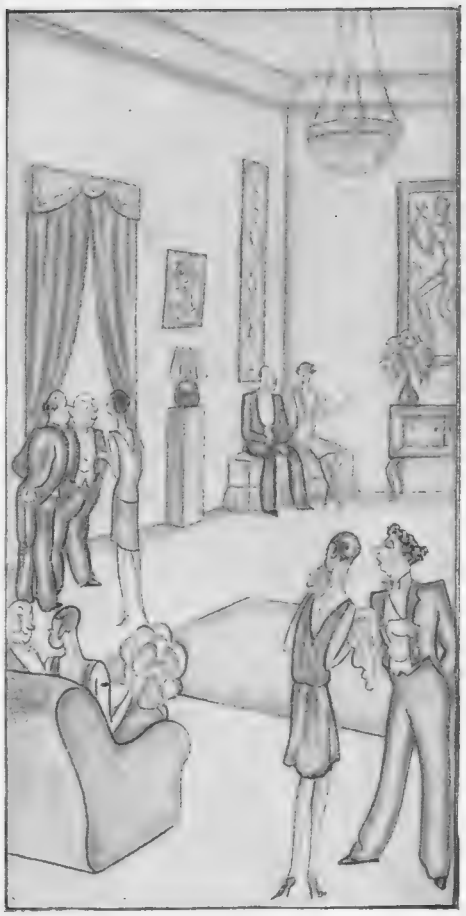
THIS craze, by the way, for giving clubs and restaurants names that have a touch of the Corps Diplomatique about them is as remarkable as the number of hotels on the Continent that are called "Bristol." Possibly Luigi's vast success with the Embassy is mainly responsible.

Of course, the very last place where one would be likely to find an ambassador, a minister representing a foreign country, or even an *attaché* at a legation, would be a club or restaurant suggesting his august profession.

Veterans Both

CURIOUS that two such widely known figures of social life, both veterans, should have died within twenty-four hours of each other. Alfred Farquhar and William Rudston Faulconer were utterly unlike, but both most lovable men.

The former lived in, and mainly for, his clubs, and though he possessed a fine steam yacht, he rarely used it. "Ruddy" Faulconer hated



"*Celebrities*, my dear lady? Impossible! Have they met *me* yet?"

clubs, was seen in London only, I believe, because a coach, which he used to drive, started from the corner of Piccadilly and Berkeley Street, and was often to be seen, with his wife, inspecting the contents of pro-

Raphael

Peggy Carlisle, the young film star who plays lead in the new British film, "Houp La." Being a dancer she has insured her legs for £40,000, so doubtless the insurance company concerned will tremble if we have a frost like that experienced last winter!

If---gossip we must---

vision shops in country towns, for he was a great *gourmet*.

Nearly all his long life he had hunted in pink, and until right at the end was the healthiest and most vigorous old man of 79 I had ever met.

Family Ties

"RUDDY" FAULCONER, by the way, was a stockbroker. He used to wear ties of sensational shape and hue. On one occasion some of the younger bloods of Throgmorton Street were gathered round him and sang "Hi-tiddly-hi-*tie, tie, tie, tie!*" —in the days when that admirable tune was popular.

A Noble Nursing Home

WHAT is the most expensive nursing home in London? That, I imagine, which is run by Almina Lady Carnarvon. It is considered an extremely *chic* thing to go there—though why one should want to be *chic* when one is ill I cannot imagine—and the cost is anything between 30 and 45 guineas a week.

Of course, everything is done very well, and the patient has every conceivable care and comfort.

And, if he is getting worse instead of better, he may have the gloomy satisfaction, to echo poor Oscar Wilde's death-bed remark, of dying beyond his means.

CARICATURE BY NICHOLAS BENTLEY

Billy Bennett, the George Alexander of the music-hall stage, whose sartorial perfection is equalled only by the suave epigrammatical polish of his songs and patter. His rise to 'top line" has been rapid, but certainly no more rapid than his talents justify

Cochran's Catalogue

C. B. COCHRAN has just had his library catalogued. It is an extensive one, and reflects its owner's tastes, with many books about old Paris, circuses, clowns, French artists, with biographies galore, and with a fine Aubrey Beardsley collection. For in the long ago Aubrey Beardsley and C. B. C. were great pals and schoolfellows.

I wonder what the libraries of other theatrical impressarios are like? I can picture Sir Oswald Stoll, with Adam Smith and books on bi-metallism and the gold standard.

Idle Speculations

SIR ALFRED BUTT, in his flat in St. James's Square (at present he is in Cannes with Lady Butt and their son, now an undergraduate at Brasenose), possesses, I imagine, Ruff's "Guide to the Turf," the "Directory of Directors," and the "Stock Exchange Year Book." This, let me add, is pure conjecture. For all I know the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" may also be in Sir Alfred's library.

What has been Mr. J. L. Sacks's choice of literature is beyond ordinary mental intelligence to imagine.

Delysia the Domesticated

DELYSIA has settled down into what looks like being a long and contented married life. Her husband is a nice fellow, a journalist (not always synonymous), and one day he will have a considerable interest in that flourishing paper *L'Intransigeant*, which rivals *Paris Soi* in its popularity in the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix. At present he is not rich. "Her Past," in which Delysia is to come to London, is not in any sense autobiographical.

Some of the many revellers hailing 1929 in royal we

OUR EVENING NEWSPAPER

"AMAZING DISCLOSURE"

Disapproving

IT struck me that Prince Albert looking at the Albert Hall named after him appeared more disapproving than ever on the night of the Chelsea Arts Ball. This may have been due to the fact that some of the fancy costumes adopted by the revellers displayed more fancy than costume. But as Prince Albert remained outside throughout the entire evening these disapproving looks failed to damp the spirits of those present.

G.P.U.

SEEING IN THE NEW YEAR AT THE ALBERT HALL

t the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall It may interest Bystanders who were there to try to see theirselves as ithers saw them on New Year's Eve

THE decorations were, as usual, colourful. The organ, hidden behind a blue sky, was a background for coloured decorations, coloured lights, coloured skins, and coloured balloons which went to make up a kaleidoscope of colour. And everybody got colour in the face in a

"GRUESOME DISCOVERY"

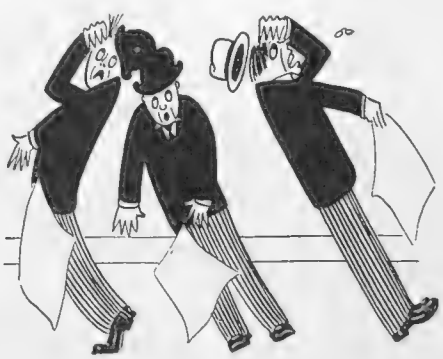
frantic effort to secure a bite of supper at one and the same time. As usual, a cheery revel in which lots of celebrities—theatrical and artistic predominating — rubbed shoulders (often bare) with many who hope to acquire fame some day or other.

"Hope deferred ——"

THE postponement of the publication of the New Year's Honours Lists has been something of a blow to many aspiring men, and still more to their wives when they happen to possess one. As usual, the theatrical profession hopes that the stage will be recognised, even though the choice may cause a horrid feeling of jealousy among those who have failed to catch the Royal eye. Were the music-hall to receive recognition it would be intriguing to see Mr. Billy Bennett once knightly!

In the Running

SPEAKING seriously, I think Sir Joseph Duveen will, sooner or later, find himself with a title. It would be a deserved honour, for no man has done more for art than he. I hear that he is thinking of closing his business in Grafton Street, New York, and residing permanently in this country. Also that he is thinking of



"ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS"

presenting further artistic gifts to the nation, some of which might be in the form of bricks and mortar.

Also Rans!

I DOUBT whether either Lord Rothermere or Lord Beaverbrook will get a step in the peerage until a Labour Government comes in, and if another Fleet Street magnate is honoured I feel inclined to pick a Berry.

Devil, not "Demon"

THERE is a saying that the Devil is sometimes in the cards. I should have cordially endorsed this remark had I been dealt the following hand at Auction Bridge. Spades, 2. Hearts, 2, 3, 4, 5. Diamonds, 2, 3, 4, 5. Clubs, 2, 4, 5, 6.

From S.A.

THIS is no long-bow story, for the hand was actually dealt at Maritzburg on November 23 last, and is vouched for by four onlookers, who included the Deputy Surveyor-General (Natal) and Captain H. P. Slater, the District Commandant S.A. Police, Maritzburg, who kindly forwards the particulars. The odds against being dealt a hand with no card higher than an eight is about 17,000 to 1.

AND SO HOME

FILM NOTES

"ON TRIAL"—THE VERDICT OF AUBERON

Pauline Frederick, with Holmes Herbert and Johnny Arthur, experiences more than a little trouble over a rope of pearls in the all-talking film, "On Trial"

"TWO LOVERS"

"Two Lovers." What an ideal title for this, the last of the Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky pictures. Once more these two world-famous lovers hold their audience enthralled, as they take it through a series of exhilarating adventures, and adorable love scenes, culminating in their renowned final "close up" embrace, so dear to all feminine hearts, and perhaps masculine ones.

WHY has Mr. Goldwyn separated them? Ronald Colman will always be his irresistible attractive self, but I wonder whether Vilma will be as fortunate in her new venture? She seems to need his magnetic personality and charm of manner to bring out her talent, as she is obviously at her best when acting actually with him.

"Two Lovers," adapted from the novel "Leatherface," by the Baroness Orczy, is a superb production in every way. The story dealing with the cruel oppression of Flanders by the Spaniards in the 16th Century, and the efforts of William Prince of Orange and his devoted adherent, Leatherface, to overthrow these tyrannical rulers is thrilling and entertaining in itself. But when it has these two popular stars at its head, along with the polished acting of Noah Beery as the villain of the piece, success is ensured.

Another incident in "On Trial." The "domestic touch" beloved of American film producers is provided in this case by Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson and Vondell Darr

THIS is a film I heartily recommend; and the Tivoli is to be congratulated on having secured the first showing of this picture. Good luck to it.

"ON TRIAL"

"ON Trial," the latest Vitaphone production which has been enjoying a season at the Piccadilly Theatre, places the already famous Warner Brothers well on the ladder to success where the "Talkies" are concerned. Not only did every voice come through plainly; but the intonation was really pleasant to one's ears, and that is saying a lot when one takes into consideration that the cast was composed of Americans.

PAULINE FREDERICK is virtually the star of this picture, but in my opinion the acting honours go to Johnny Arthur, who gives a really excellent performance as the murdered man's secretary, and one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution. All the other performers played up very well though, and I found Vondell Darr, the first little girl to be heard on the screen, quite attractive.

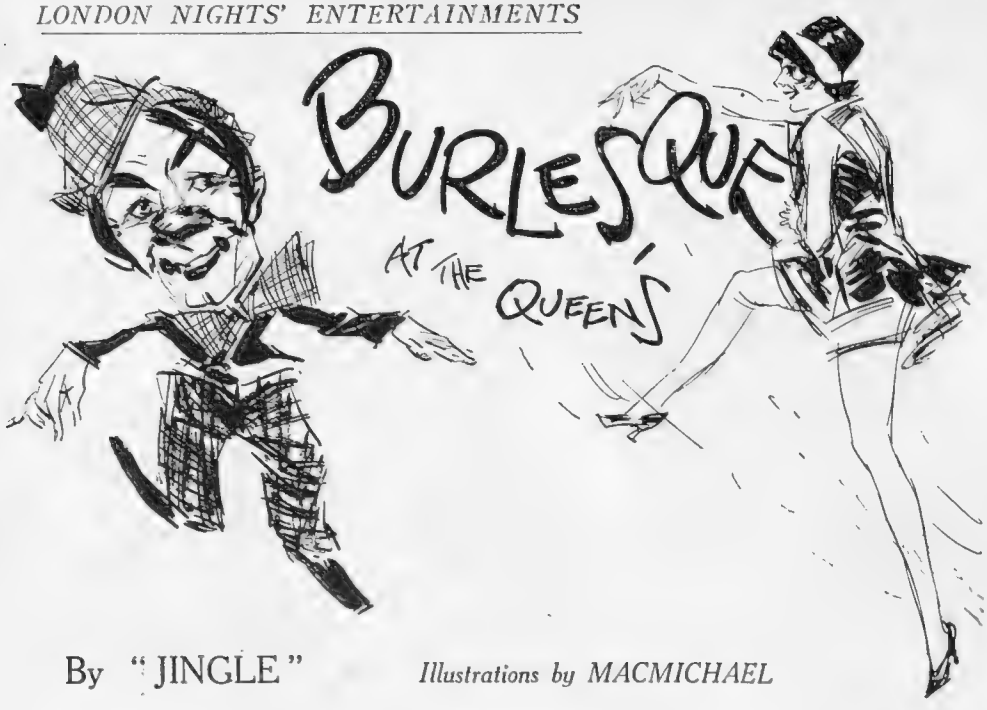
THE story, based on the play by Elmer Rice, is interesting on the whole, and gives a fair amount of scope, but it made the film too long and drawn out to be really entertaining. Gerald Trask is shot by a man who is known to be a friend of his, and to whom he has lent a large sum of money, amounting to 20,000 dollars. The prosecutors believe the motive to be burglary, but a clever counsel and important witnesses bring the truth to light just in time, and he is acquitted and reunited with his wife and child.

MOST of the action of the piece takes place at the Trial, and I for one found the constant repetition of Court jargon rather wearying. Perhaps this was unavoidable, yet in the play "The Trial of Mary Dugan" one sat through at least 2½ hours of the same scene without feeling a trace of boredom. A film is not a play, of course, but with the "Talkies" it is quite the next best thing, and I cannot help thinking that one's interest should have been held better. Still, this picture has served its purpose by making me at any rate very enthusiastic about the Warner Bros. "Talkies."

BY JACK GREENALL

"Jerry smashed his car yesterday and was taken to court"
"Really! What was the charge?"
"Driving under the influence of woman!"

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS



By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a very American play, and therefore, as is only to be expected, whisky plays a prominent part in it. The story opens in a Burlesque Theatre in the Middle West, a centre which we have always been taught to regard as the bedrock of American Puritanism. The first scene is the Dressing Room of Bonny, the leading woman of the show, who is seen making-up, and one glance at her very undraped back is sufficient to convince us that, whatever else she may require at the moment, a dressing-room is certainly her first need. Bonny shares her room with her husband Skid, who is the leading comedian, and the play concerns itself for the most part with the marital differences of this strangely lovable couple, who might have stepped straight out of one of O. Henry's stories of the stage. Bonny is Miss Claire Luce, who is not only an accomplished actress but a graceful dancer as well, and a high-kicker with the best. Skid is Mr. Nelson Keys, with a Middle West accent, who is, of course, a host in himself.

SKID'S comic business on the stage appears to involve a good deal of tumbling about at the risk of his limbs. We do not see any of these feats, but every now and then his wife in the dressing-room hears another noisy bump in the distance, and records the fact that Skid has come another socker, and hopes, with wifely solicitude, that he is not hurt. On the other hand, in spite of her love and affection for him, Bonny is not altogether pleased with her husband. To begin with, he is a regular frequenter of "Speak-Easies," those oases in the States where he who yearns for a cup of this forbidden wine may whisper and the bar-tender will hear and obey. I understand that if the policeman overhears, his fee will be ten dollars.

BUT Skid has a more serious fault in his wife's eyes than drinking to excess. He is alleged to have made love to other ladies, and burlesque actresses cannot, of course, tolerate behaviour of that kind, as they know what they are talking about. A third count against Skid is that he never gets jealous of his attractive wife. Once, while he is on the stage, a stranger named Harvey Howell, described as a Cattle Man, calls to see Bonny in her dressing-room because he admires her so much. While Bonny is taking the usual tot of whisky with her devoted admirer, she throws off her wrapper so that he can admire still more. When Skid comes back from his turn on the stage he accepts the presence of the stranger as a matter of course, and Bonny is positively angry with him afterwards. All that he can say, however, is that he knows she is to be trusted, and that makes her angrier still. Apparently a lady resents being trusted not to go too far.

AS a genial nagger Bonny is up to the average of her sex, though it would appear that, like heaven, she strikes where she most doth love. She blames Skid for his lack of ambition; and then when a telegram arrives with the offer of a lucrative engagement in New York, she accuses him of having faked the thing so that he may be able to get away with another woman. But in the end Skid goes, and we gather that he makes good.

WITH the next Act we are at a New York hotel. The only note on the programme as to the lapse of time is "Interval 10 Minutes," but it has probably been longer than that, because by this time Bonny and Skid have parted for ever, or thereabouts. She has heard that he has been carrying on with that other woman again, and she has filed a petition in divorce accordingly. Her old admirer, the wealthy Cattle Man, is waiting to marry her as soon as legal formalities permit, and she will soon be leaving New York for the heart of the West, where her nearest neighbour will be somewhere on the skyline, and wait for the cows to come home. It is to this hotel that the Cattle Man comes to call on his future bride, who is discreetly chaperoned by a not-too-watchful lady friend. He has just fastened a lovely diamond bracelet about her taper wrist when there is a knock at the door, and Skid comes dancing in, accompanied by a couple of the Boys.

SKID greets his wife cordially, and inquires, as from one old friend to another, how the divorce proceedings are going on. Then he produces the inevitable flask from his hip pocket and says he has come to drink the health of the bride. The Cattle Man protests, in the slow drawl of the dweller in large spaces, where there is time for everything, that he finds Skid's intrusion a little embarrassing. Skid is glad to hear it Then, as one thing leads to another, especially

when you carry it in a pocket flask, Skid proceeds to fortify himself liberally. The first effect of the whisky is Skid's noisy derision of his successor in matrimony. Then he breaks out into a wild song and dance which burlesques the wedding ceremony, and winds up with a wild jig to the tune of the "Bridal March." This is a most stirring performance by Mr. Nelson Keys as Skid, who at the end of his turn dashes off to drown his grief in the mixture as before.

IN the next Act we are on the empty stage of the Star Theatre, Paterson, New Jersey. A new burlesque is in preparation, and Skid, fresh from his triumphs in New York, has been engaged for the leading part. Unfortunately, Skid has disappeared. His friends claim that they have hunted for him in every "Speak-Easy" in New York, so that they must have had a very busy time indeed. In his despair the manager appeals to his old friend Bonny in case she may be able to indicate the absentee's whereabouts. And while Bonny is promising to do her best Skid drifts with hesitating steps on the stage. He is clearly in a very advanced stage of anti-Prohibition, and when he sees Bonny in the distance he is obliged to ask the manager to confirm his surmise that she is really there, and that he is not the victim of the optical illusion of a dipsomaniac.

THE idea is very well conveyed that, in spite of her brilliant prospects on the Cattle Man's ranch, Bonny is still in love with the poor wreck who has not yet legally left off being her husband. When, in rehearsing his dance, he turns giddy and falls, it is she who rushes to him and bathes his forehead, and screams at him that he can yet make good if he will only fight with all his strength. On the opening night of the burlesque Bonny returns to the stage in order to partner Skid in his turn, and to urge him to dance as he never danced before. As the two are performing

they exchange remarks that in the ordinary way would be merely back-chat, but which is really Skid's appeal, made and favourably answered, to be taken back "for better or for worse." JINGLE.

The Pick of the Theatrical Basket

"Funny Face" at Prince's.—A musical comedy with an Anglo-American cast. The Astaires (U.S.A.) will delight you and Leslie Henson (London, Eng.) will make your sides ache.

* * *

"Young Woodley" at the Savoy.—Everybody knows about this tragedy of school life, but not everybody has seen it. Worthy of a visit.

* * *

"Plunder" at the Aldwych.—That *rara avis*, a rattling good farce, rattled through by Messrs. Walls, Lynn and Mary Brough.

* * *

"Jealousy" at the Fortune.—A *tour de force* of drama in which only two characters—beautifully acted—appear, but they make what happens "off" of vital interest.

PLAYERS OF THE HOUR

Yvonne Gregory

MURIEL MARTIN-HARVEY, APPEARING IN "THE LAD" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Edgar Wallace provides the play, or, rather, the vehicle, to carry Billy Merson's quaint personality through three amusing acts. Both successfully accomplish their task, aided and abetted, inter alia, by Muriel Martin-Harvey, who smiles at you above. She is smiling doubtless because she is pleased to be facing London audiences again after far too long an absence, and if a picture of audiences were published it would be noticed that they are pleased and smiling too!

Navana

MOLLIE EGBERT IN "LUCKY GIRL" AT THE LONDON PAVILION

If laughter be an aid to digestion this is an ideal after-dinner show for the dyspeptic, full of witty lines and amusing situations. Don't be put off going when it is added that there is a plot in this musical comedy which, for once in a way, was not cut out at rehearsal! The plot is funny, and no reliance is placed on noise to keep you awake, this being an English show and not one imported in bulk from U.S.A. The cheery photograph above is of a small part lady—speaking technically! She is not the lucky girl of the title, but that she is a lucky girl is obvious if you notice the paper in her hand!

Stage Photo Co.

GEORGE CURZON IN "MR. PICKWICK" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

Jingle. Alfred Jingle, Sir. At your service. And the Public's. Walk up. Walk up. Good Show. Good Spirits. Good Company. Entertaining. Very. Historical. Novel. Historical Theatre. Walk up. Book Early. Enjoy Jingle of Christmas Bells. Apologise Bad Joke. Very

"THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

Stage Photo Co.

Harold Scott, as that all-round sportsman Nathaniel Winkle, seen in the act of winning the heart and hand of the fair Arabella Allen (Madeleine Carroll). The above touching incident is one of the scenes in "Mr. Pickwick," the dramatised version of Dickens's masterpiece, which is now going great guns at the Haymarket Theatre

SWISS RESORTS—PLENTY

A skater on the rink at St. Moritz, whose attitude suggests that a Highland Fling may be quite easily accomplished on skates—always provided one knows how!

Photopress

You can usually tell the ski-ing experts from the tyros by their dress—it is so much quieter! Above are seen four experts about to set off for a run at Murren. They are Miss Doreen Elliott (left), Lady Raeburn, Mr. W. R. Bracken, and Mr. Arnold Lunn

Topical

Henry, the trick skating waiter, whose motto is "Waiting, but no waiting," busy supplying a little welcome refreshment to skaters on the Grand Hotel Rink at St. Moritz. The gentleman with the accordion is not playing "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"!

Keystone

OF SNOW BUT RATHER MILD

Central Press

Miss Grania Guinness, the little daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness and Lady Evelyn Guinness, taking her first lesson in the graceful but far from easy art of skating. She is seen with her instructor at St. Moritz

I.B.

Miss P. Raeburn stoops to conquer a difficult feat on the rink at Murren. Capt. Taylor, her partner in the little stunt recorded by the photographer, is apparently about to applaud her feat with considerable vigour. Once the tyro has acquired control of his feet, there is a lot of pleasure in store when the "stunting" stage is finally reached

Keystone

That aviators are not the only "bird-men" is fully proved by the above photograph of a competitor in the ski-jumping contest for the Morven Cup at St. Moritz taking off. The photograph was taken at the famous Olympia Leap, one of the biggest in Switzerland, and some idea of the immensity of such a leap can be gauged from the pigmy figures of the spectators watching at the bottom of the slope

FUN AND FROLIC MID SNOW AND ICE

Planet News

A charming photograph of King Winter's realm in which is seen a general view of the ski-ing fiords at Chamonix, where numbers of English visitors are now enjoying the Winter Sports

THE DASH TO DAVOS

(*See opposite page*)

"STEP lively, Lauretta. Boat train goes in ten minutes."
"Where are we bound?"
"Snow bound. Davos—Mürren—St. Moritz—anywhere you like."
"London's Ritz to St. Mo-ritz, Tony."
"Air's like champagne there."
"Yes, and the ice provides 'soopers.'"
"Women don't curl, Lauretta."
"No. Now we've got short hair we bob."
"Well, me for the White Sleigh traffic."
"I like your muffler, Tony."
"And *your* kit's most ski-sonable."
"Do you know the Nursery Slopes?"
"*Does* it?"
"I'll teach you to skate."
"Thanks. I hope you'll put me up to a few wrinkles."
"Ice rink-les, Lauretta."
"Not forgotten your gloves?"
"Rather not. My motto's the same as the Kaiser's—'Got Mittens.'"
"Well, mind your scarf."
"Can't help it, I'm young."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Case of scarf love, darling."
"Hear there's been another heavy fall at Mürren"
"Bruce Winston been on the rink?"
"No. I mean snow."
"I'm so excited at the thought."
"Well, don't start snow bawling. It's not done"
"Hope we see a lot of each other."
"Depends whether I luge you or not."
"In you jump."
"Now we're off! Hope you've got enough money Think you have?"
"Franc-ly I do."
"Then *that's* all right!"

The skier in this photograph is Poulson, the Norwegian ski champion. He is seen standing alert and ready before launching himself down some snowy slope, looking forward to all the exhilaration of the rush through the keen air and the sensation of having winged feet

Armstrong Roberts

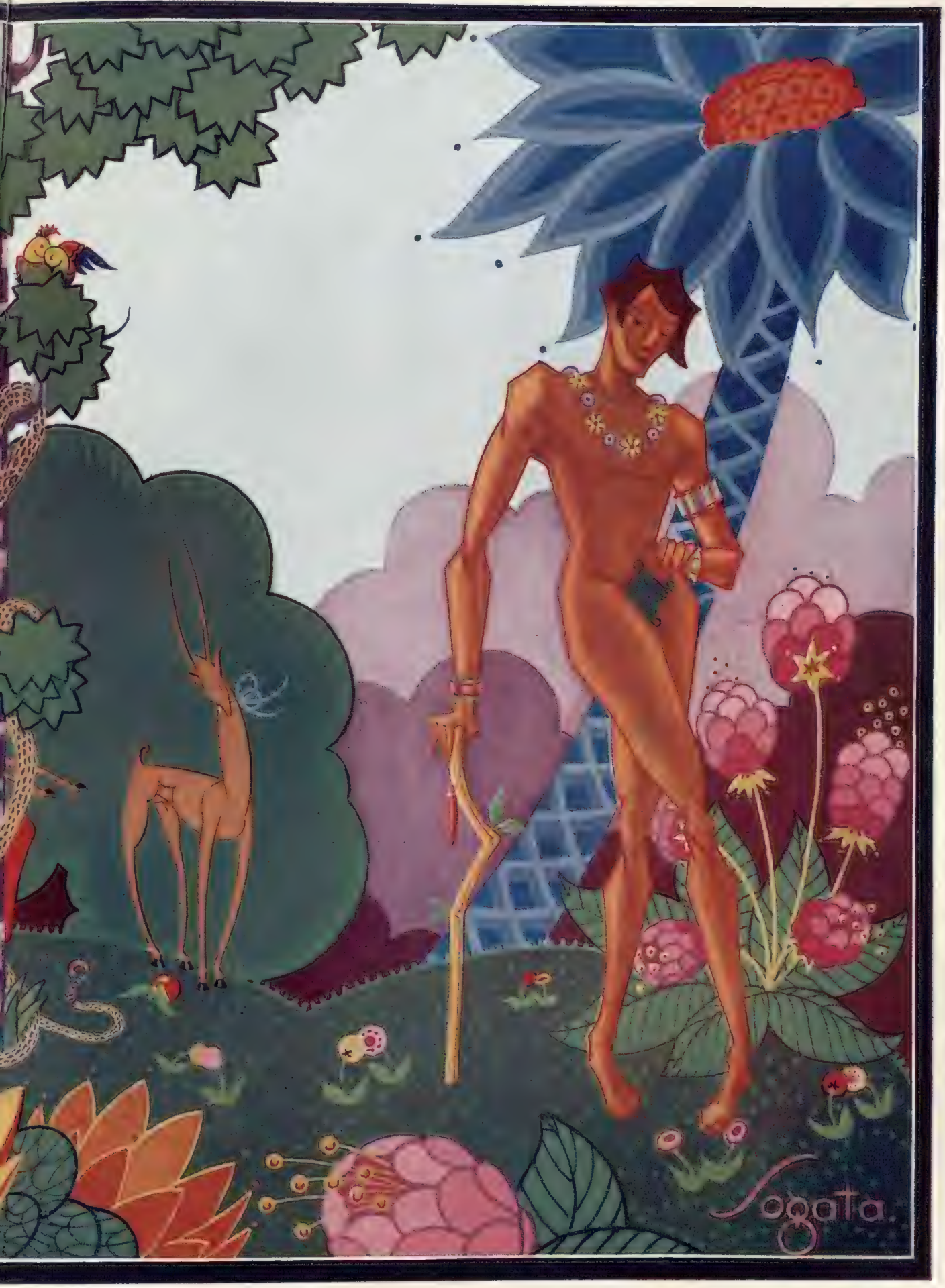
A family study in a Winter Sports setting. Mrs. Amery, the wife of the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, is seen here with her son on the rink at Maloja. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Amery, is particularly fond of mountaineering and ski-ing

Central Press

THE DASH TO DAVOS

THE ACHIEVEM

Pandora, the lovely, by Vulcan created,
Prometheus shunned as a wife.



BY SOGATA

ENT OF VULCAN

For the soul of a dog in a fair maid is fated
To give a poor husband an utter dog's life.

B. V. W.

BY HELEN McKIE

HER SUGAR-DADDY

THE SONG IS ENDED . . .

By JED KILEY

CONSCIENCE is a funny thing. Sometimes I think you get a sort of satisfaction out of accusing yourself of being a heartless rake.

Take the other night at the Blue Room. I had the blues something awful. After the second bottle, if I had been a woman I would have had a good cry. I didn't know why I felt that way until she came in, and then I knew.

SHE came in with her husband. They took the next table to me. We didn't speak, of course, but I felt her embarrassment. Why couldn't I be decent like other people? Here was a beautiful girl, undoubtedly true to her husband until she met me, and now forced to sit at the next table to the man who had marred her life. I knew she was still in love with me. In fact that is why I stayed so long in Biarritz. I was in love with her too—in my fickle fashion. But now I regretted everything. I looked away when I felt her husband's gaze on me and I felt like a dog. When the band played "The song is ended but the melody lingers on," she laughed nervously. Her head was turned away from me toward Billy Rich's table, but I saw the blood mount to her little ears.

Then Billy did one of his fool things:—

"Jimmy," he called to me drunkenly, "come over and have a drink. You look like a corpse."

I COULD have choked him. But I went over. I had to. To keep him quiet. It took me years to pass her table. Conscience is a funny thing. I hide my emotions well as a rule. But I knew I couldn't hide them from her. She knew and I knew that I was just a cur. Billy knew nothing.

"Cheer up," he greeted me. "Reggie and I have been comparing notes and we are the ones who have the right to be blue tonight. Why, man, we are both in love with the same girl and equally guilty."

SOMETIMES I think that I am a bit psychic. The moment Billy said "girl" a cold shiver went down my spine. I don't know why I should think that *she* was the one, but I did. Instantly. But I don't think my face told them anything. However, I did give her a dirty look. Her husband didn't seem to mind either. Then Billy continued to rattle on.

"It's the girl at the next table to——" I jumped to my feet.

"I am not at all interested in your philanderings," I snapped, and went out.

My blues were gone. But the feeling that took their place was not nearly so agreeable.

Damn it all, what I mean is, why won't they leave you alone with your dead?

BY SCHUS

"Do you know, I've found that it is possible to get along without men"

The WOMAN who STARVED FOR LOVE

MARRIAGE, as a romance, had disappointed Berenice. Even the honeymoon.

They had gone to Westgate for their wedding trip . . . . a very different Westgate then, from what it is now! . . . and the moment Leonard saw the room his commercial instincts were outraged. "What!" he cried, and his raised voice and small, indignant eyes told the chambermaid and the receptionist that he wasn't going to pay any of their fancy prices. The chambermaid said she was sure he'd find the bed very comfortable, but her attempt to coerce Leonard angered him more, and he replied that he should jolly well hope he would. At that price! Did the cheaper rooms have uncomfortable beds, then? he demanded. "Of course not!" the receptionist said; so Leonard replied with an air of finality: "Very well, then . . . . we'll have one of your cheaper rooms. One at half price!"

So they all three trooped out into the corridor, and Berenice, who had been trying hard not to look at the bed while it was under discussion, now tried equally hard not to look at Leonard. Yet in her heart she excused him loyally, thinking: "He's like me . . . . nervous as a kitten." She decided that he acted this way because he wanted the very best for her. It was his way of teaching the hotel a lesson so that they offered him some marvellous suite at the same price as the original room they had just

(All rights strictly reserved)

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN SPURRIER

left in scorn. But when Leonard saw the cheaper room three flights higher up, and with no view of the sea, of course, he drew Berenice further into the room by her elbow, and asked heartily: "There! What's wrong with that?"

And clinched the deal.

Berenice thought that in the romantic night her husband would explain it all away so that he emerged with flying colours. She was prepared to think it would take some doing. But when night came Leonard fell asleep rather more quickly than she had been led to believe was the habit with bridegrooms.

She cried a little and silently at this, for she was yearning to be swept away. Then she turned over on her hip and watched some dark grey clouds scurry across the stormy sky, casting lacy shadows on the ceiling of the half-price room. She could hear the deep boom of the sea, and this calmed her at the same time that it tinged her mood with a deeper melancholy. Then she, too, fell asleep.

When she returned to London she was laughing and coy just as everyone expected a bride to be. Had she enjoyed her trip? Was it nice? Everyone was very waggish about it.

"Oh, lovely . . . . *lovely!*" she cried, and looked mysterious.

"When she returned to London she was laughing and coy just as everyone expected a bride to be"

. . . . . .

THEY took a house near Golders Green, where the rents were much lower then than they are now, and Berenice settled down to housekeeping.

She made the usual mistakes, you know, at first, when she tried her hand at cooking, but Leonard wasn't a bad sort, and didn't grumble. He simply wasn't romantic. He liked the bit of ground they turned into a garden, and on Saturday afternoons would spend his time planting in it, or watching the crews practise from Hammersmith Bridge. If it were the latter he took Berenice. He bought a bicycle for her also, and in the summer they joined a club and made lots of trips through Surrey, returning home with a bunch of wild flowers strapped to the carrier behind.

In the winter when the roads were too muddy, and the wind too sharp for cycling, Leonard would take his wife for a brisk walk down the new roads where they were building; measuring with his eye the extent of the frontages and the approximate cost for the tenants. They would wonder, too, how long it was going to take the Borough to put the asphalt down. They grew good at guessing rents, and when the "Let" board went up in the clayey, rough patch in front, they wondered if the tenant was a good *paying* tenant or not. Leonard was naturally of the opinion that you were only good if you paid your way. Sometimes a little house would twinkle and shine with the good intent of the purchasers; curtains would go up as gay as the hearts of those inside who stoked up the fires in the little front rooms to make it all cosy for the man of the house to come home to. The windows looked prettiest in the evening when the gas or electric light was not turned on and when the leaping fires yellowed the onyx squares of windows.

All houses were not fortunate, and the "Let" board would sometimes be replaced by the "To Let" one. Leonard would shrug and laugh. "Huh! No good, that last bunch of tenants. Not sound!"

No, not sound like them . . . . like Leonard and Berenice. They couldn't pay their way like Leonard and his wife.

. . . . . .

THE Firm made Leonard manager of the new department they had opened for dealing with the Kenya Colony business, and they moved into a slightly bigger house with a slightly bigger garden. It was winter, Berenice remembered, and Leonard ordered some new clothes on the strength of it and a thick overcoat . . . . though he would have had that, of course, anyway. Possibly, however, not such a nice one. Those brisk mornings when Leonard stepped out so briskly for the office he cut a natty little figure . . . . toes turned out; very pleased with life. Berenice would wave him off from the windows sometimes. She was pleased with life too. The following winter they bought a small car, and Leonard sold the bicycles.

One or two of Berenice's sisters and cousins had got married in the meantime, and her own wedding was quite a back number. She helped the brides to choose their trousseaux and, later, the prams. At first she was secretive and blushing as the bride herself, but as time went on, and the number of weddings grew, she became waggish too, just as people had been with her. Seeing them off on their honeymoon she would throw the last handful of confetti just to give their secret away to their travelling companions, and as the train moved off would call out: "Well . . . . be good!" and laugh. When the bridal pair returned Berenice would ask: "Well . . . . enjoyed yourselves?" and would add that if the bride had been half as happy as she, Berenice, had been on her wedding trip, then no one had anything to complain about.

Somehow, as time went on, a legend of wickedness grew up about Leonard. Wild as they made 'em, was the general consensus of opinion. Leonard liked this, and would be silent in a certain way, so that one would have thought, watching him, that he was a regular dark horse and that there wasn't much *he* couldn't tell you if he liked!

They say you change every seven years. Berenice changed. She began to share the general opinion where Leonard was concerned, and basked in the reflected glory of her philandering husband. She became Leonard's wife, and no more. But she didn't mind, for they had a nice gramophone which Leonard lent to any of his friends who gave a party, and they also had a piano-player. There was no doubt about it . . . Leonard had got on! One summer they had a house-boat on the river, and, my goodness! the jokes Leonard could tell about certain bungalows!

But at home Leonard was growing mean. He wanted Berenice to have everything other women had, but she was to get it at half the price. Their house was to be envied by everyone who visited them, but there were constant scenes over the proportionate housekeeping bills. Everlasting expense and waste! Leonard said it all was.

They had no children.

Sometimes Berenice irritated Leonard beyond words without doing or saying anything . . . so much so that it comforted him to get away from her. Berenice grew bigger as she grew older . . . bigger, and slower in seeing the point of things; while Leonard grew smaller and brisker and as quick as a needle. They often quarrelled, but were more frequently not on speaking terms.

Nobody knew, though.

Leonard wouldn't have fires first thing in the morning once May was out. If she were cold then she should take a brisk walk. What about doing her shopping . . . walking and choosing for herself instead of wasting money by telephoning? Get better value for her money . . . save the coal, and ward off doctor's bills, too!

. . . . . .

So here they were in early January, 1929! That was their fine house in St. John's Wood. They had three maids, a Bentley, and a super-valved wireless set. They went to Paris at least once a year, and did a good deal of their personal shopping there . . . at least, Berenice did, and they generally managed to get over to St. Moritz during the winter.

That afternoon Berenice had gone to her sister Alice's at her West Kensington flat to see the wedding presents for Alice's daughter's wedding. Little monkey! . . . getting married at nineteen! But girls settled these things themselves nowadays without a bit of romance about it. "Not like you and me, Alice!" Berenice said.

But was it really twenty-two years since Alice had married? Berenice could remember helping her to shop and the things they bought. And was it really *twenty-four* years since she and Leonard had honeymooned at Westgate? Ah! . . . that was a honeymoon, that was!

"Still . . . you should worry!" Alice said. "You've got everything you want. Now, my poor old man no sooner gets out of one scrape than he's in another. Still . . . And Pam's marrying someone just as poor. Still . . ."

It was rather fun that West Kensington flat. Untidy, you know, with the furniture worn out before it was paid for. Still . . . Pam and her three brothers were lively little devils, and no mistake. Always messing about at something. Wildly enthusiastic! Always failing . . . always laughing! Terribly good-looking the whole bunch of them!

That afternoon Berenice met Pam's *fiancé* for the first time. Alice had said she was busy with a curry, and would Berenice go through alone? So Berenice pushed the door of the tiny drawing-room open and saw Trusty and Pam before they saw her.

She couldn't tell you why . . . but something in the picture of these two together made her heart ache. The room was dark, lighted only by a log thrown on the fire, while the other seven were tumbled in a heap on the hearth. A shilling's worth. Eight a shilling! That was how they bought most of their things. Pam was sitting on the rug, leaning against Trusty, who sat on a chair; and Pam was doing her nails with some liquid polish which stood in its bottle on the hearth with the logs. Trusty was talking very softly, with his arm round her shoulder.

But something made Berenice's heart ache. They say you change every seven years, so perhaps she was growing sentimental. Then they stood up, and Pam kissed her while Trusty switched the light on, and again that odd little sensation passed through Berenice and wouldn't go away. They were both so terribly good-looking, and Pam, flushed and elusive with the fire-light, looked like some wanton thing of loveliness blown through a birch wood in spring. She had made her own dress, and had bought the stuff in a bargain basement, but that didn't matter. They were as poor as church mice, but that, too, didn't matter. Really and truly, poor as they were, they had no right to stand there radiating that golden light which was so mysterious. They were the real thing, standing there, just touching each other. They were success, love and romance. No use talking about it; it would only be words. They were the real thing. Everything else seemed a substitute to Berenice at that moment.

They pressed terribly stale cakes upon Berenice as she sipped her tea. "Go on, aunty, you must!" Pam cried, as though she bestowed gold, frankincense and myrrh. And she did in a way. When Berenice looked down and saw her mink coat she felt somehow pathetic. She wished, too, that she had come by taxi instead of bringing the Bentley. You had only to look out of the window and down on the courtyard to see the haughty chauffeur looking down his nose.

That was it! . . . Perhaps she was growing sentimental. But every time Pam laughed it seemed a light which penetrated those pompous, empty spaces beneath Berenice's coat, where most people kept their hearts. Yet how stupid to feel that way. Why . . . she, Berenice, had everything! All the good things of life and Leonard's success. That was a *real* thing! But right over the thought she had a second thought, which was much more convincing: no, she had *nothing*, and Pam and Trusty had everything. Theirs was the real thing, not hers and Leonard's.

No one likes to feel that way.

She drove home feeling unhappy in the same way that she had felt unhappy when Leonard had taken the cheaper room on their honeymoon. And she began thinking of that, too. By the time she reached home she knew that she was middle-aged, ordinary, well-off in one way and poverty-stricken in another!

Nothing more or less. And nobody likes to feel that way.

Carl opened the door of the car and the gate, as they passed through it, rang the bell in the kitchen so that the parlour-maid had the door waiting open for her as she approached. She helped her off with her mink coat, hat and gloves. No one had called; no telephone messages.

Berenice entered the drawing-room . . . a *real* drawing-room . . . and switched on the soft lights in that spacious, correct interior. Then she stopped dead.

(Continued on page 94)

BY TREYER EVANS

"Oh, yes, Jimmy's perfectly sweet, but it would be foolish to marry him. Twice last week he wanted to go home to bed at 2 a.m. Isn't that preposterous?"

PARIS GOSSIP

PARTIES, PRESENTS AND PRISONS

By

JAY MARTIN

DRAWINGS BY SCHUS

"The Most Unusual Party Ever Thrown in Paris"

ABOUT this time of the year the papers are full of Backward Glances, Prophecies, and all that. Towards the end of nineteen-twenty-eight I had wished on myself the problem of organising a Christmas Eve party. What to do? "Let us go to a different restaurant for each course," said I, and then could have kicked myself for having suggested it. Of course, nobody goes out to dinner Christmas Eve; they go to the theatre to kill time until twelve o'clock. But there is no play in Paris worth seeing twice, and everybody had been everywhere. But the arrangement of that party turned out in itself to be The Most Unusual Party Ever Thrown in Paris. Nestling around cocktails in the Ritz bar, one of the men projected the idea of a dress-rehearsal. "Let us off to the Michodiére for soup," said my First Assistant Nonsense Attaché. So we went to the Michodiére and, with a grand air, ordered soup.

"DO you know," said one third of the party, to the manager, who was seated at the next table, "that you have a Famous Journalist here for a little soup-testing?" The manager did not look very much impressed. He seemed to think we were out souping for a bet. But he also thought that it was a very funny idea, and was so charmingly appreciative of our amusing him that we received no bill. Thanking him by a graceful promise that we would make the Michodiére famous, even though the Prince of Wales frequently has dined there, we went over to Ciro's. At Ciro's, Maurice didn't think we were a bit funny when we ordered chicken. He merely thought that the male members of the trio were broke. But we had the most beautiful chicken, for which we heartily thanked him. Then we walked round to the Ritz, and went to the Bar or Sinister side, and sat us down in the grill.

"COME, come," said I to Souques, "the Michodiére *gave* us soup, beautiful soup, and Ciro's *gave* us magnificent chicken. Dessert, please." Souques looked very much alarmed, and went out to consult someone. We never did find out whom he did consult. . . . He was evidently advised by the police that we were insane, and had better feed us to get us out of the Ritz. So we had a gorgeous dessert and coffee. Then we went to the Bœuf sur le Toit for a drink, then to the Grand Ecart for champagne, none of which we paid for. However, I am simply exhausted this week, for I have gone back steadily to each place, to show them how materially I appreciated their startling generosity.

I CANNOT give the time of day or night where I saw the following people, but I did see, at the Ritz and Ciro's, the Queen of the Belgians, Princess Andrew of Greece, Michael Arlen, Gene Tunney and his bride, the ex-Countess of Northesk and her husband, and Elsie Janis and her mother; Chaliapin, Alfred Savoir

"The Bolshevik envoy gave the cigarette case to the President of Mexico"

(the author of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*) and Francis de Croisset (famous for his dramatic collaborations with Robert le Flers). At the Grand Ecart were Prince Christopher of Greece, Arthur Rubinstein, the pianist. Phillipe de Rothschild, Lady Henriette Davis and Lady Abdy.

THE Grand Ecart, upon the rue Fromentin, is always the most amusing place in Paris. In fact, as you pass the bar at the entrance you can always get a big laugh. Just why, I cannot put down in writing. But, aside from that, it does get the best crowd. Of course, it is awfully jammed, and last night, sitting at a table next to the first Lady Davis, I nearly ate the slipping sable collar of her coat, and almost put my club sandwich on her shoulder by mistake.

MUSIC note: Did you know that each time a dance tune is played publicly a small royalty is paid? On the top of the piano at the Grand Ecart are many little pads of paper, and each time a piece is played a few centimes are credited to the song publisher. So I am about to write to the composer of " Get Out and Get Under the Moon " that they are at least five francs richer, for I made the orchestra play it for twenty minutes. The music gets better towards two o'clock, as by that time the saxophones get tired of blowing, and, personally, I only like to hear the piano and drums. Some years ago, at Biarritz, I was forced to hear every night a poisonous saxophone, and now I have a violent prejudice against them.

IF you ever have ambition to get up on a Sunday morning in Paris it is very jolly to go for a cocktail before lunch at Potel and Chabot, on the Avenue Victor Hugo, where people drift in, believe it or not, from church or the Bois. Sunday I went there with Consuelo Pani, the daughter of the Mexican Minister. She took out a most spectacular cigarette case, gold filigree with a great splash of Romanoff crest thereon. It seems that when the Soviet made some agreement with Mexico the Bolshevik envoy gave the cigarette case, which had belonged to the Czar, to the President of Mexico. The President was subsequently shot, and the case went to his son-in-law. The son-in-law was asked to take a little trip out of Mexico, and to stay out. Consuelo's father was at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he said it was too bad, as the boy was harmless, and that he should be allowed to return to Mexico. He came back, and was so grateful to Señor Pani that he gave him the Czar's cigarette case. A few days ago Consuelo told her father that it was much too—oh, much too elaborate for a man, and he should give it to her. He did. " And if *you* go to jail," I promised her, " I will use all my personal Power of the Press to get you out, if you will give that case to me." " You may get it sooner than you expect," she said, " because I called a man in court a liar the other day. I was in a motor accident, and the beast said it was my fault, as I was driving. But I wasn't at the wheel at all. And the next time I'm in court, if the judge doesn't believe me, I'll call *him* something worse." " Oh, please do," I urged her. . . . " Besides, you are much too young to carry a gold cigarette case."

d'Ora Berlin

Miss Kaja Marquita, the well-known Continental actress, photographed in a "back to nature" movement of especial beauty. This attractive lady has a figure that would, without doubt, make any woman (and many a man) envious

ELSIE JANIS has just gone South, and upon her return is to appear at the Moulin Rouge in a revue. I asked her to tell me the name, but she said that just at present it can't be told. Her mother told Elsie that she could tell me, but for once the daughter had something to say for herself that she did not want to say.

"SHOWING GOOD SPORT"

Central News

LADY ALICE SCOTT

Central Press

A photograph of a meet of the Cambridgeshire at the Railway Hotel, Ashwell in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Douglas Crossman and Mr. G. R. C. Foster are Joint-Masters of this hunt

Photographs

LORD CHURCHILL AND LORD WILLIAM SCOTT

Central News

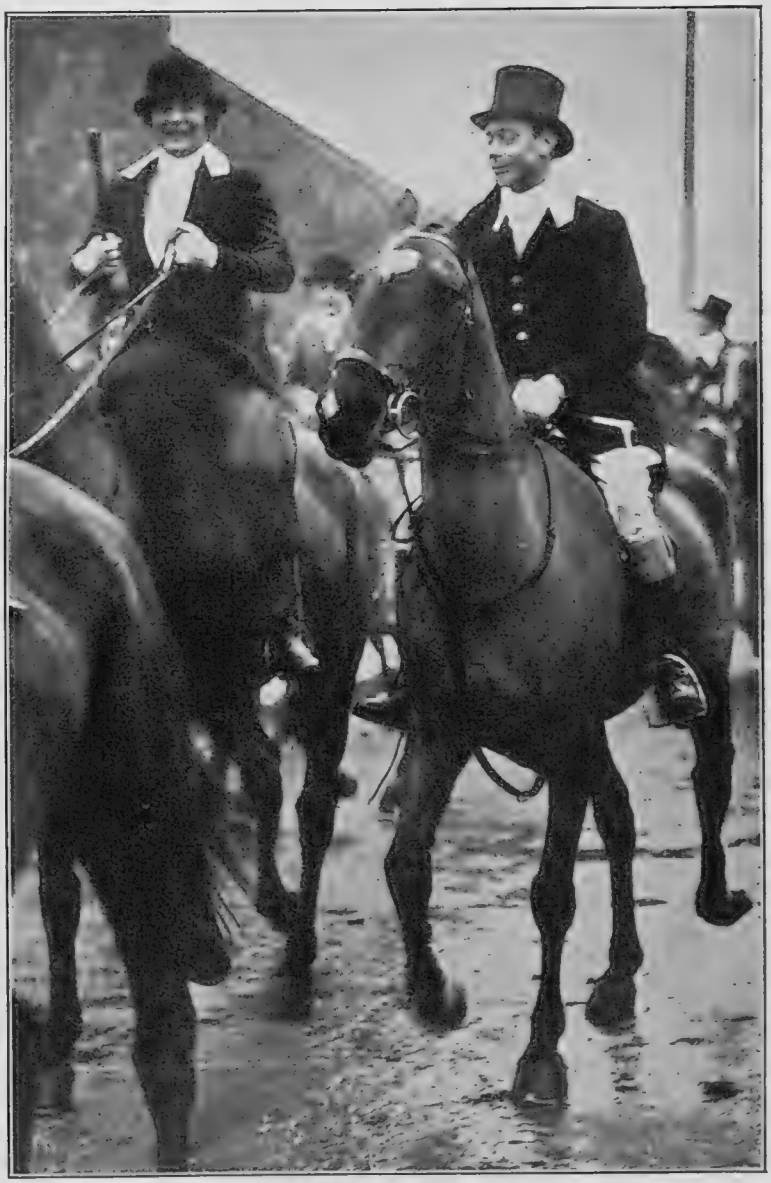
MRS. SWAN (mounted). MISS JEAN SCOTT AND MISS MARJORY SCOTT

Some of those who enjoyed a good day with the Buccleuch at the recent meet of this famous hunt at Minto House, near Hassendean

WITH FIVE PACKS

News Illus.

Lady Rachel Howard photographed at the recent meet of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds. This was held at Badsworth Park, Arundel



Topical

The Duke of York, who shares his brother's love of hunting, caught by the camera smiling in anticipation of a good run with the Pytchley. This was on the occasion of the Pytchley meet near Northampton

F. R. Logan

The Hon. Meriel Lyttelton photographed arriving at a meet of the Albrighton Woodland on a steed of good "mettle." She is the eldest daughter of Viscount Cobham

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A BRIDESMAID?

By ROSEMARY *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Why, there's that handsome man again. How he is looking at me, to be sure!"

THE lull, or should one say torpidity, over Christmas time and the New Year being due to end, and it having become *vieux jeu* to change the bridegroom the day before the event, weddings will be coming upon us again. *Not* to be called Social Functions, as the parson said to a woman he "rebuked" for arriving at one without a hat. Though where on earth there's anything social in not wearing a hat in the daytime, and this weather, I don't see.

BUT perhaps, on his part, it was just a natural irritation at the thought of how an entertainment tax on these occasions would help to fill the collection bag. Which is a suggestion they might put up next time they debate about Prayer Books in Parliament and complain that curates are underpaid!

THE mistletoe having done its worst and all that, this is the time you quake if you have a girl friend appearing in the Cupid columns of the daily Press. What if she should ask you to support her on the Day? Can you decently bury a grandfather six weeks ahead? Can you rush to a registry office and get yourself disqualified? Though at the Sybil Dawson-McAdam Eccles wedding there was a "Mrs." among the bridesmaids, wasn't there? Or can you say point-blank that you prefer funerals and let the whole thing go at that?

YOU can do none of these things. You try not to think of your pass-book, wish you were well enough off to go bankrupt, hope the present from the bridegroom will be possible (from the point of view of taking the Pledge) and, with a smile, say you would love to.

ONE'S troubles only *begin* when you see the design for the dresses. You find you're to look like a particularly dyspeptic Shepherdess for the sake of the principal bridesmaid, who has got that sort of figure and can't show her ankles, and has never recovered from the success of her appearance at a fancy dress ball as a piece of Dresden china. You probably look a fright in anything but modern dress, anyway, so you don't mind much, but the girl who won't come unless she can wear a shingle-cap and call herself Juliet is offended and falls out.

THAT means a frantic search for someone else your size to take her place and be your partner in the procession. Unfortunately, this understudy is usually unaccountably flattered at being asked, and accepts before you have a chance of unselfishly offering to fall out too.

THEN the actual Day. You suffer agonies in the service for fear your small brother, who is a page, should overhear any of it and want it explained later. You get kissed by other people's "in-laws" with terrifying promiscuity in the vestry; but you are borne up here with the thankfulness that they're not yours, to say nothing of the thought of the champagne which will follow. And this so sustains you that you are able to register a highly gratified, isn't-it-all-beautiful smile to walk down the aisle with on the arm of that beastly little tout who has been detailed as your particular Usher.

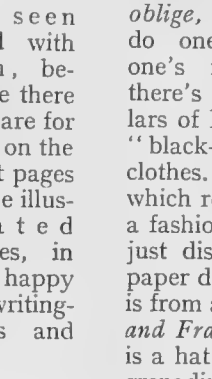
And it will never be any use any more saying you wouldn't be seen dead with him, because there you are for ever on the front pages of the illustrated dailies, in the albums of the happy couple, and the writing-desks of relations and mutual friends.

IT'S worse at the Reception. You are grouped by the M.C. to make a good picture; it doesn't matter in the least to him that the best man is breathing heavily down your neck and any minute may sneeze and tickle your spinal cord where it makes you jump and give a yell of agony. And *he* doesn't care that the one thing you hate is having the sun in your eyes. And of course you always dislike the only girl who is within whisper reach.

YOU must speak to somebody—ah! there's a handsome man just come in, haven't seen him before; suppose he's got a woman with him somewhere; even a man who hasn't female attachments would nose out a maiden aunt or someone to look after him at a wedding. Thank goodness, we can stand easy.

THE beastly little tout has gone over to the tall bridesmaid; they've all changed round. Oh dear, though, there seems to be one girl over—that's because one of the Ushers was in love with the bride and has gone to see if he can get himself blown up in Holborn. He'd hoped, right up to the last minute, that she'd change her mind and let him play the part of the bridegroom—he'd even got a ring from Woolworth's ready in case, and two favourite dogs waiting to be tied up at the church door.

WHERE'S that handsome man? Can't be seen. All right, let's go and look at the presents with the bridegroom's uncle—ah, they've put out your blotter, next to the china dogs from the one rich aunt. What a nice little scent bottle! Let's sniff it. Why, there's the handsome man again! How he is looking at me, to be sure—quite embarrassing, but perhaps I don't look so bad in this get-up, after all. He's coming over to me. What is the bridegroom's uncle saying? "Move along, dearie, that's the private detective after you."



"Beastly little tout"

"'Rebuked' for arriving . . . without a hat"

WELL, well, *noblesse oblige*, and one must do one's duty by one's friends, and there's always Pullars of Perth to do a "black-out" of the clothes. Talking of which reminds me of a fashion article I've just discovered in a paper dated 1912. It is from a Special Supplement to the North of the *Boulogne and France Times*, Saturday, December 21, 1912. Here is a hat of *le haut chic* in those days. "It was of black grenadine, embroidered on one side of the brim with a bunch of black marguerites (*faites à la main*); then on the other side a *choux* of *tulle d'alençon* and *plisse* wings of the grenadine, with a light swathing of *tulle* round the crown. This becoming hat was lined with white gathered *lisse*, charming in effect." No, you're quite wrong. Honestly, I didn't make it up.

THE Brighter Britain movement seems to have begun the New Year royally. There's the Queen of Rumania coming over, and Prince Paul and Princess Olga of Serbia already here. The Prince has many connections with this country; he was up at Oxford, had the Duke of York for his best man and for godfather to his son and heir, who, by the way, was born at the White Lodge.

QUEEN MARIE, of course, needs no introduction. Americans who missed theirs during the recent Royal Tour would no doubt not be too late to procure them for a —— I mean, on —— consideration. Let us hope the gas mains—or is it the Post Office?—behave well and don't have any of these little fits of temper.

PEOPLE might easily mistake the causes and get nervous—think it was the Labour Party playing at Reds or the whole Cabinet taken to a pipe and Empire tobacco, or even the Rising Tide of Liberalism. Those great slabs of pavement all heaved up did look rather like breakers—it isn't only the sea gives up its Dead.

Rosemary.

IRELAND OPENS the INTERNATIONAL SEASON

Central Press

Three photographs of the first Rugger International of the season, when Ireland beat France at Colombes by two tries (6 points) to nothing. There was a record crowd and Mr. Cumberlege, the referee, handled the game superbly. There was no score in the first half, but after the interval the Irish forwards got on top and Davy and Stephenson (who was playing in his 36th consecutive International) scored for the "Ould Counthry." On the right is a group of the Irish team

Sport and General and Central Press

DROLLS AND DIVERSIONS

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A WEEK or two ago I was lamenting the dearth of really good first novels. Since then, as luck would have it, three of quite exceptional merit have come my way. About the authorship of one of these there is an agreeable little mystery. I was so greatly delighted with *The Story of Hassan* (Nisbet: 7*s.* 6*d.*) that I took immediate steps to learn something about its author. And yet—such is the perversity of mankind: a term, by the way, wide enough to include even reviewers—the book had lain on my table for some little time before I could bring myself to read it. If you ask why, I can only say that stories about India generally bore me. A casual glance, moreover, at this particular novel had brought to light the presence in some abundance of one of my pet abominations—the interpolated short story told by one of the characters. I dislike them because they hold up the main story, but chiefly because they are generally so poor and so unnecessary.

❋

SO *The Story of Hassan* remained unread. But a few days ago the fact that this "novel of India" was alleged (on the title-page) to have been written by Hassan Ali Shah himself, and "Englished by John Anthony," induced me to make a beginning, if only to find out whether the thing was genuine or another *Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion* which, you may remember, hoaxed a large number of people a few years ago. I had smelt a jolly little rat then, and as it turned out, I was soon smelling another here. Of course it was a hoax, but just about as pretty a hoax as you could ask for. I was obliged to read the whole book through at a sitting. What is more, all except one of the interpolated stories—it deals with antirrhinums, and might well be omitted from future editions—struck me as being so witty and so novel that I came to bless their inclusion.

❋

NOW there are several ways of obtaining information about an author, but, short of making his own acquaintance—in this case impossible at the moment—the best (and the cheapest) is to get yourself invited to luncheon by his publisher. This was duly arranged, and over an excellently spread table I heard an interesting story. For purposes of publicity, publishers will often refuse to say who is the real author of an anonymously issued book. There is always the chance of its being fathered upon some famous author, and in any case a little mystery is not without its financial value. But in the case of *The Story of Hassan* the author was so fearful lest his identity should be discovered that he insisted on including in his agreement a clause to the effect that his real name should on no account whatsoever be divulged to anybody apart from the managing director of the firm—incidentally, my host.

Elwin Neame

Miss Dorothy Buck, the clever young author, whose book on Africa, "The New Lotus Eaters" (published by J. W. Arrowsmith), achieved much success. Her next book, entitled "My Friend Pierrot," is shortly to be published by Chapman and Hall. Miss Buck lives in North Africa, and a series of short stories from her pen will soon be appearing in "The Bystander"

❋

YOU naturally ask why. After reading the book you continue to ask why. True, one of the short stories is rather naughty. It is more: it is quite definitely naughty. My host told me that a certain big bookselling firm in India were distinctly afraid of it, and suggested its elimination. (Fortunately my host knows a good thing when he sees it.) But it is told with such an air that I question whether even Mr. James Douglas himself would be really shocked. It is true, too, that on occasion a sad state of affairs in the Punjab is revealed, and our India Office might conceivably be slightly disgruntled. (There are other things besides winning football matches abroad about which Authority would have us be careful.) Obviously "John Anthony" is a Government official of many years' standing, but could anybody seriously object to such a joyously improbable affair as this alleged autobiography is? Surely not! And yet, perhaps, somebody might. Some people whose salaries are rather larger than their brains are always objecting to something or other: I suppose it is the only way in which they can justify their existence. And so Mr. "John Anthony" may be perfectly right to remain carefully hidden beneath a rose tree.

❋

WHICH brings me to the book itself. It is really a little gem of a thing, droll and diverting and entirely unexpected. Its irony is deliciously fine. There is much talk of good morals, but most people will be delighted to find that when most urgently required these morals are almost invariably mislaid. You cannot say that there is any definite story, but even the most ordinary occurrence becomes attractive when the admirable Hassan relates it in his ingenious way. And the book is conceived in the true Shandean tradition. Hassan, a Punjabi boy, fails to get himself born for quite a considerable time, not, indeed, until he has completed portraits of his polite rapscallion of a father and of his beautiful and most sensible mother. But his father's endeavours to earn an almost honest living are quite as amusing as his own youthful misadventures. He becomes the mascot of a Scottish regiment. He has the narrowest escapes from unpleasant punishments. He discovers a philosophy for himself which will assuredly carry him far. And whatever he is doing, whatever advice is being showered upon him, to whatever remarkable stories he is listening—always excepting the antirrhinums, and what they are, of course, I need not remind you—he remains the best of good company, and I, for one, hope that Mr. "John Anthony" will find no cause to prevent him from giving us the rest of his brown hero's story.

❋

A PRETTY wit, too, is shown in Mr. H. W. Yoxall's first attempt at fiction, *All Abroad* (Faber and Gwyer: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which has the additional advantage of differing in almost every

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE STORY OF HASSAN. By Hassan Ali Shah. Englished by "John Anthony." (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.)
ALL ABROAD. By H. W. Yoxall. (Faber and Gwyer: 7s. 6d.)
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. By H. W. Freeman. (Cassell and Windus: 7s. 6d.)
THE UNFORGIVEN. By P. N. Krassnoff (Allen and Unwin: 12s. 6d.)
SEEN IN PASSING. By Francis Gribble. (Benn: 10s. 6d.)
BULLS, BLUNDERS AND HOWLERS. By Walter Jerrold. (Bretanos: 6s.)
AUCTION BRIDGE FOR ALL. By A. E. Manning Foster. (Benn: 6s.)
PROUST. By Clive Bell. (Hogarth Press: 5s.)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

possible way from the usual yarns about South American revolutions. All kinds of adventures come the way of the sadly incompetent Sir Timothy Sloan, when his fellow directors send him to San Benito for the ostensible purpose of looking after their interests in that singular Republic, and he not only succeeds in his quest but gains a wife as well. Mr. Yoxall, however, would not dream of allowing him to succeed through the exercise of any of those sterling business qualities which all company directors very properly, but very optimistically, believe themselves to possess. Sir Timothy succeeds because he makes almost every kind of mistake, thereby, no doubt, giving us a clear idea about Mr. Yoxall's ideas about company directors. The baronet is the most incompetent creature ever born to marry an ex-president's daughter. You like him, of course, and you like the peculiar people he meets; above all, you like Mr. Yoxall's pleasantly ironical way of telling his story.

❋

FINALLY there is *Joseph and His Brethren* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*) written by Mr. H. W. Freeman, a young man who, according to the American newspapers, is almost criminally shy—for an author. The Americans are interested in him because his novel is the January choice of the Book of the Month Club. This means to say that his first American edition will consist of eighty thousand copies, which is not bad for a beginner.

❋

IT may be that *Joseph and His Brethren* will not be everybody's book. It is somewhat old-fashioned—just a tale, almost quiet though splendidly dramatic, of a Suffolk farm, and the only family of farmers who can do anything with it. But these Geatiers—a bullying father and his five obedient sons—are real. You understand soon enough why the sons rebel—each in his own way—and why such rebellions fail. You understand why their feelings change towards their half-brother, and what it means to them when the farm goes out of their hands. You think of Hardy, but only at moments. You wonder whether things are still so primitive as Mr. Freeman suggests, but again only at moments. It is a live book, and I can think of no better compliment to pay it.

❋

MENTION of the "sickening vices" of the Russians on the cover of General Krassnoff's new novel, *The Unforgiven* (Allen and Unwin: 12*s.* 6*d.*) made me wonder whether Mr. James Douglas would not find it necessary to get busy again. But although the book is a splendidly vivid account of life in Russia during the earlier years of the Revolution, although there are scenes of torture and scenes in bedrooms, nobody will want to burn this book. It is not a supreme masterpiece, but it makes excellent reading.

BOOKS WORTH LISTING

SEEN IN PASSING. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Benn: 10*s.* 6*d.*)—Nobody can write a better autobiography than a journalist, and Mr. Gribble is entertaining all the while. His stories about celebrities are not always the ones that they would most have preferred to hear repeated, but that is the way of things these days. The scene changes from Oxford to Fleet Street, and ends, less comfortably, in Ruhleben.

BULLS, BLUNDERS AND HOWLERS. Edited by WALTER JERROLD. (Brentanos: 6*s.*)—A good compilation. Recommended to politicians about to offer themselves for re-election, after-dinner speakers "unexpectedly" called on to say a few words, schoolmasters who are finding it a little difficult to maintain discipline, and such of the general public as find it difficult to "give much time to reading." Some of the blunders will be new to most people, and some of the howlers are gorgeous.

AUCTION BRIDGE FOR ALL. By A. E. MANNING FOSTER. (Benn: 6*s.*)—It is remarkable how Mr. Foster manages to produce book after book about bridge while never seeming to cover quite the same ground. Here he is addressing the "ordinary" player who would like to be better than he is. Interesting hands are recorded in detail, good advice is showered in profusion, and as the latest developments of the game on both sides of the Atlantic are included, the book has claims to be considered a first-class guide.

PROUST. By CLIVE BELL. (Hogarth Press: 5*s.*)—Mr. Clive Bell is always worth reading, and this little study is just what it should be—instructive and entertaining. Incidentally it is pleasantly outspoken, which is not always the case when an Englishman writes a book about a French man of letters.

R. S.

By "The Kennelman"

OPENING the kennel enclosure gate the other day and watching the family go tearing out for the early morning scamper, good-humouredly jockeying, to an accompaniment of barks that were so obviously laughs, the thought occurred that one reason why well-kept, well-bred Dogs are so effervescently happy all the time, and such invaluable pals and associates for us bipeds, with our innumerable complexes and things, is that they possess the secret of rollickingly recognising every blessed day in the year for what it is: a New Year's Day, and one of the best at that! "A happy New Year to you, old chap!" is their greeting every morning of their lives, rain or shine—one reason why they're better worth knowing than most folk.

IT's going rather far to assert, as one reader does in a very cheery letter, that this year will bring them complete release from that scourge of their lives—Distemper. Thanks to the Medical Research Council's fine work (due to the Distemper Research Fund), we are well on the way to immunity; but there's a lot to be done yet; and further contributions to the Fund will hasten the process. The way of prevention is inoculation. Yes, but "The Kennelman" remembers helping inoculate pups for distemper in prehistoric days, before the War. The thing is to get the real right vaccine; and making that available for every Dog-owner is to be no small job. It will mean two inoculations, and before long one hopes they'll be given as a matter of course to every pup after weaning, as surely as dosing for worms.

IN a life fairly full of minor afflictions, with some unavoidable major ones, it seems a pity to *invent* troubles. A reader sends cuttings of some foolish person's wail that "Every day you see Pekes toiling along with their claws deep in their flesh at the walking pace of a healthy woman, when for centuries they were carried on cushions, the sacred Dogs of the temple"—this in defence of some rubbish about taking 'em out in prams for exercise! Marry come up! And, in fact, a healthy Pekingese can always be relied on to boss the whole of a thoroughly mixed pack, and is as keen a ratter, and rabbiter, and all-round rogue in countryside outings, as you could wish to share sport with. Of course, claws should be cut periodically, if they show the slightest sign of growing uncomfortably long; but—exercise in prams! What a monstrous notion! Like every other Dog, a Peke will keep his pads and toe-nails in the best of good order, *given rational regular exercise;* a fair proportion on hard ground. Never mind his trouser (or petticoat) frills getting a bit bedraggled. A little, always wholesome, brush-work soon puts that right. The exercise on his own four feet is essential.

"OF course I agree," writes another correspondent, "that England produces easily the finest Dogs in the world; but I do wish our breeders so expert in benching specimens perfect in points and type, would devote more of their skill to training. Our Dogs are so splendidly worth it, and such fine results are obtained in other countries with Dogs not a quarter so good. Surely training should be recognised as an important part of breeding, and at the Shows more attention be given to special competitions encouraging this." A sound view, to which "The Kennelman" must return later. Meantime remember the responsibilities in this of the Dog-owner, as distinguished from the breeder, who disposes of most of his stock as new-weaned pups. The education must come after that. See to it, for it's a fascinating, as well as salutary, game.

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secures to every purchaser values in Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

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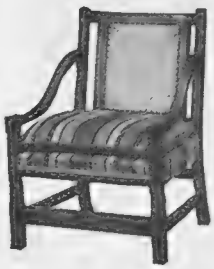

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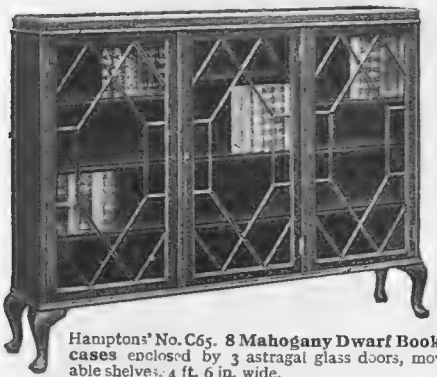

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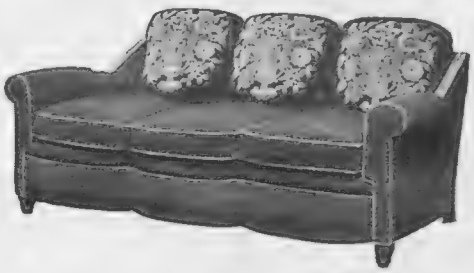

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All my friends (puppies, too) are agreed that they are just what we have been looking for.

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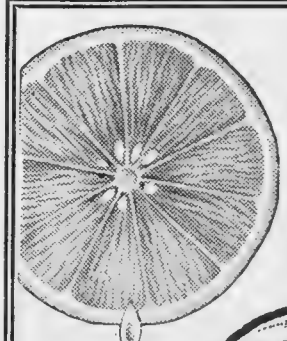

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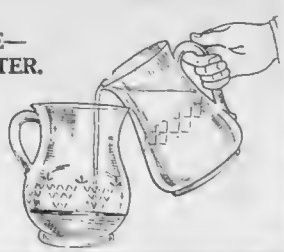

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OBTAINABLE WHEREVER THIS JOURNAL IS READ.

Principally About the Principality

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Sport and General

Four competitors in the Women's Doubles of the Cannes Tournament. They are Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Trudeau, who is Lady Lavery's daughter, Lady Crosfield and her sister, Mme. Papalexopoulo

To arrive in the Principality of Monaco by a perfectly ordinary train has always seemed to me ridiculous. I feel that it should be reached by air, not by aeroplane, but that one should be able to step off a magic carpet direct into the square of Monte Carlo; or awake to consciousness, after taking some mysterious and seductive drug, to find oneself sitting out of doors in brilliant sunshine at one of the tables of the Café de Paris, sipping amber liquid. For this is, I am convinced, the most unreal town in the world, placed in a beautiful and equally surprising setting.

To a stranger his first sight of the town must remind him of the pictures he conjured up in his youth to illustrate fairy stories; grotesque, unreal and beautiful. Standing in the centre of the square one is primarily struck by the amazing ugliness of the Casino, perched on the most lovely terrace overlooking the sea. However, after a few minutes' somewhat dazed inspection one's lips begin to twitch with laughter. It is, after all, so ridiculously improbable this rococo, monstrous wedding-cake of a Casino, that it merges into the picture of this fairy-tale town and becomes essentially right.

The harbour is lovely and across the harbour, on a curving peninsula, rise the gardens, palace and fortress of the Prince of Monaco. The windows of an ancient prison stare back in melancholy fashion across the bay. Beautiful it certainly is, but with a romantic, theatrical beauty so unreal that it can be compared with no other corner of the world, and thus one gets the impression of a magic city isolated in space.

I am convinced that could the air of the Principality be analysed it would be found to contain some especial ingredient which induces happiness, stimulating the party spirit, and most assuredly banishing all desire to sleep. Had it not these magic qualities, how else would it be possible to arrive at 4 p.m., after a particularly exhausting journey from England, to dine, dance, and sup with the greatest possible enjoyment, and to depart most reluctantly to bed at 6.30 a.m., after having raided the kitchen of a delightful night club and induced a most amiable chef to allow us to cook our own breakfast of bacon and eggs?

Sport and General

An open tournament was held recently on the new hard courts at Hyeres: "Tots" Brugnon, the famous French player, is seen chatting with Mr. C. T. Tinling, one of the officials

People smile, lights beckon, music soothes; in fact, the whole atmosphere encourages gaiety and, incredible miracle though it may be, can even induce the ordinary Englishman to cast aside his heritage of the Nonconformist conscience and make him realise that enjoyment is, of itself, good. This is indeed an achievement, because most of us when indulging in the frivolities of life insist on believing, in the back of our minds, that we are in some way committing some mysterious and inexplicable sin.

It is, however, not surprising that we yield ourselves to the lure of this most gracious town. For we awake to brilliant sunshine feeling most surprisingly well, with dim but essentially pleasant recollections of the previous night's entertainment. The day stretches before us with infinite and varied possibilities of enjoyment. There is golf at Mont Agel, an amazing golf course, suspended many thousand feet above us in the mountains. The golf may not be perfection, but the scenery most decidedly is. After all, it is not a frequent occurrence to be able to play so unromantic a game in such romantic surroundings, where a slice may land our ball among the Italian Alps and a pull means a descent into France.

If golf does not appeal there are the excellent tennis courts of La Festa, where we play in most luxurious surroundings, with a sparkling sea on one hand and a background of towering hills. By 12.30 p.m., whatever our morning activities may have been, there is no doubt but that everyone is possessed of a gratifying thirst (which may be put down to the peculiar qualities of the air), and there is no better place in the world to indulge this than the Royalty Bar, seated out of doors under brilliantly striped umbrellas. I admit to having partaken of cocktails in many parts of the world, but never with more enjoyment and less effect than in Monte Carlo!

Haig

WHISKY

301 years old

The Haig Distilling House is now 301 years old but it still retains the vigour of youthfulness. All over the world it is selling to-day more whisky than ever it did.

It is the public who have put Haig Whisky into this wonderful position.

The reason for the increasing popularity of Haig Whisky is

INSIDE THE BOTTLE

THE OLYMPIA OF AMERICA

MOTOR NOTES by E. M. WRIGHT

The Morris Minor, that did a trip from Oxford to Nice and back in eight days, photographed at Monte Carlo. The whole trip, including the crossing, petrol, oil, boat charges and port dues, only totalled £7 4s. for two persons

AMERICA has almost as many motor shows as makes of automatic pistol, but the Olympia of that continent—where life is varied and gay, if precarious—is the New York Show, which opened last Saturday and is on all this week. It always evokes a tremendous amount of excitement, as it is at this Show that most of the new models are given to the world. This year British makers are represented for the first time to any serious extent. For instance, the Vauxhall, the Daimler, and the Austin concerns have sent exhibits. As the Daimler exhibit includes the Double-Six "50" saloon, the world's largest car, and the Austin exhibit one of their Sevens, the world's smallest car, both extremes of private motor car are represented, and both in a form which the Yankees have never yet produced, and few of them have even seen. So it looks as if our representatives this year should, therefore, do very good business.

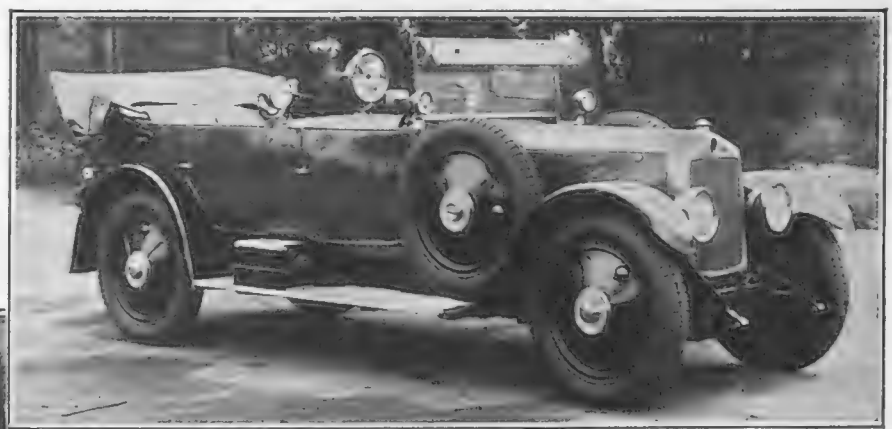
To the average observer it is remarkable that, in spite of the successes of the one American car fitted with a four-speed gear box, others have not adopted this feature. Even the most expensive still have three-speed gear boxes, providing two speeds which are really needless, except for starting and on freak hills, and a top gear which is too low to allow of high speeds without some fuss about the engine, chassis, and coachwork. The Graham-Paige, the first U.S.A. make to be fitted with a four-speed gear box, has shown that even the American car with its big powerful engine can be improved out of all recognition by this feature. This make has not been available in Europe for very long, yet it has sold extremely well. In that fact there is a lesson for the Americans which, I believe, they will not be slow to learn.

***

LAST month a Morris Minor pointed a lesson to those who have thought a trip to the Riviera and back was only for the man in more than merely comfortable circumstances and possessed of a powerful car. The little Morris made the journey from Oxford to Nice and back in eight days. The Channel was crossed on the Dover-Calais route (the car transport costing only £2 on the Townsend service) on a Saturday morning, the driver and passenger electing to go by the railway boat in view of the possibility of bad weather. They were accordingly not able to finish the Customs formalities until three o'clock. By the early evening, however, Abbeville was reached despite a strange road and drizzling rain.

***

ON the second day, skirting Paris *via* St. Germain and Versailles, Joigny was made; while the third day, in which were enjoyed the scenic delights of the Côte d'Or, saw the car at Lyons. Tuesday brought the lucky driver to the wonderful coast road which threads its way through the playground villages of Europe, along the southern seaboard to Nice. After two days of Mediterranean sunshine, spent exploring Monte Carlo, Cannes, and other happy resorts, the little car turned homeward, reaching the Channel just too late on the Sunday for the Dover boat, and accordingly crossing on the Monday. Petrol and oil for the entire trip cost £2 19s. 6d., and this, added to the boat charges and port dues, amounted to £7 4s. for two persons—surely quick and economical travel *in excelsis*.



The magnificent 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester car that is one of two, identically the same cars, which have been recently supplied to H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, better known in England as Prince Ranjitsinhji. Both cars have been built for hunting use, and among the many fittings is a searchlight which can be raised or lowered on a sliding pillar, extra powerful lamps fitted at each side of the body in line with the top edge of the front seat, and ice chests for containing food

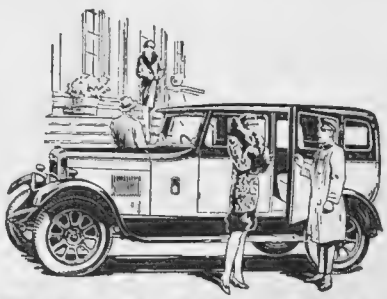
The interior of Prince Ranjitsinhji's 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester touring car The accommodation for carrying rifles is seen here

Wouldn't you like this lovely Saloon?

Can you imagine a finer looking car—at any price than this SENIOR Saloon? Long sweeping lines that reflect its turn of speed, coachwork in attractive two-colour cellulose finish, all bright parts in untarnishable chromium plating—its outward appearance a perfect expression of good taste. And inside—the quality of the finish and fittings is amazing. An altogether outstanding example of British value. Pile carpets cover the floors, and curtains are provided to the windows. Upholstery is pneumatic, covered in antique finish leather. Illuminated instrument board, roof lamps, ash trays, driving mirror, petrol gauge, clock, foot rail and roof cords complete the interior which is perfectly appointed in every detail. Four wide doors with winding windows and walnut cappings are provided. Each door locks,

£260

and the car can be completely locked from the outside by a master key. The windscreen is of safety glass, and Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers are fitted, which give a remarkable sense of riding comfort at all speeds. Marles steering, Dewandre vacuum servo brakes and Dunlop tyres complete an equipment in which everything of the best has been selected. ***The finest value in Saloons—British or foreign.*** The SIX Saloon has a large number of additional luxuries, including safety glass all round, and a wonderful system of central lubrication operated by foot pedal under the dashboard. The magnificent engine of two litre capacity, supplies a smooth flow of power at all speeds from six to sixty. At £350 complete it is an outstanding achievement in British Six Cylinder Cars.



SINGER

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H.P.

Keystone

Mrs. Mortimer Davis, better known to theatregoers as Rosie Dolly, photographed before a trip on the run at St. Moritz, and evidently believing in the slogan, "The more we are together the merrier we shall be." Lying on the drive of the bob is M. D'Estenville

(Continued from page 78)

For bending over the Bechstein grand was the handsomest man she had seen in her life!

He had the amazing, startling beauty which one sees in dreams and statues. Tall, slim, but with a suggestion of refined cruelty somewhere about his shoulders. Fair-skinned and dark-haired. He is quite impossible to describe!

A bowler hat was placed on an inlaid console table beside the piano, and the stranger was peering, at the moment Berenice entered the room, into an oblong bag made of imitation leather like those that doctors use in country towns. The stranger took an instrument from the bag, smote it sharply on the marble mantelpiece, and, when it emitted a sonorous note of music, compared that note with middle C on the Bechstein.

Of course, the piano tuner! But a new one . . . one Berenice had never seen before.

She watched him after his first respectful greeting. Yes . . . he was handsome all right. Handsomer than Trusty!

How *cruel* of Pam to make her feel she hadn't got anything worth having. . . .

Yes . . . amazingly handsome. And wonderfully young!

He looked up then to remark that it seemed colder than ever, and Berenice noticed the shape and expression of his eyes. She was a little frightened that they could stir her so, and told herself that at her age . . . goodness! . . . forty-five, was it? . . . it wasn't done. Then she noticed that she didn't feel anything *like* forty-five!

She stood by the piano, and now the tuner was getting restless, for she was silent in such a strange manner. But he knew what it was, for his life had been littered with amorous interludes ever since he could remember. It was bound to be.

Then she came quite close to him . . . her limbs acting of their own accord now; and he, still leaning over the piano, waited for her to speak. She had no idea what she was going to say, but she was sure that whatever it was he would understand as no one in life had ever understood before. He had the eyes for perfect understanding!

Her face was rather white, and she opened her dry lips.

"Ah . . ." was all she said.

The piano tuner believed he understood the situation, but, not being certain, he naturally wanted her to be more explicit. There's no fun in losing a good job through being premature.

"Me?" he asked.

And at that moment the door opened, and Leonard stood before them!

He wasn't at all sure that he liked his wife being alone with a stranger. Not that he was jealous, of course! Good heavens, no! Fancy being jealous of old Berenice! Only that was how people started to talk. . . . But Berenice, with great presence of mind, was repeating, on a slightly higher and continuous note:

"Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah!"

While the piano-tuner, also with great presence of mind, followed her up with—

"Now try it this way: me . . . me . . . me!"

So Leonard stumped out of the room thinking: "At her age . . . learning to sing! Wasting good money I've toiled and moiled for . . ."

But Berenice was frightened to death. Her nice house, her clothes, her servants . . . even that good smell of dinner cooking which came in when Leonard opened the door! . . . all these things she had risked for this good-looking man before her. Because, in another minute! . . . And Leonard wasn't the man to stand any funny business in *his* house! And all because the piano-tuner had a lawless look about him. Never, *never* must it happen again! She said as much in a severe voice, and the piano-tuner bowed his head submissively.

While Leonard was washing his hands he thought: "I wonder if that fellow's gone yet!" He wouldn't go down and see . . . he'd peak over the banister. He might be able to hear what Berenice was saying . . .

Hiding in the shadow of the Queen Anne tallboy he heard his wife bid the fellow good-bye in cold, aloof tones of dignity. But, you see . . . she'd already scribbled down an address . . .

P. O'S.

BY HENDY

"How do you like your coffee, darling?"
"Sweet as love, black as night, and as hot as hell!"

Be sure you leave a Y-grip trail!

It's the mark of wise Motorists

The why of the Y-grip
The pattern of the Clincher tread is deliberately designed to prevent slip.

Look at the tyres of the seasoned drivers—the veteran motorists. They are Clincher Y-grip cords—the tyres that hold the road and go the distance.

Clinchers make a car as nimble as a cat—light-poised yet sure-footed. The Y-grip blocks skidding.

The thick, tough, centre-pad of resilient rubber gives that cushioned carriage while ensuring hard-wearing quality where the wear is greatest.

Be *sure* this Winter and fit Clincher Y-grip tyres. They are especially designed for all-weather driving.

The wise replace with Y-grip

NORTH BRITISH

"Clincher" Cords

GUARANTEED
7,000 MILES MINIMUM
GOOD FOR 20,000!

Fit not only British—fit "NORTH BRITISH"!

Made in Edinburgh by The North British Rubber Co., Ltd

FLYING IN POLAR REGIONS

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

P. & A.

The Ford tri-motored monoplane, Floyd-Bennett, which is one of the 'planes that is to be used by Commander Richard Byrd on his attempt to fly over the South Pole

P. & A.

The two Antarctic flying rivals, Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins and Commander Richard Byrd, photographed having a friendly conference over a map. Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Australian, is now exploring the Antarctic regions. Commander Byrd's object is to fly over the South Pole

Secrets of the Great White World

BY a flight of 1,200 miles over territory previously unexplored, Sir Hubert Wilkins and Carl Ben Eielson, the pilot of his Lockheed monoplane, have been able to solve some of the great mysteries of the Antarctic continent. Further trips will enable them to map the connecting links between those few isolated spots previously surveyed by other pioneers at such great risk from the ground. Man's triumph over the forces of Nature could have no better illustration than this flight, when at least 50,000 square miles of territory was seen for the first time in a single day.

Sir Hubert Wilkins has a great theory that our bad weather is manufactured in the polar regions, and if we can obtain exact knowledge of their geography, and perhaps establish meteorological stations, our weather reporters may yet become popular idols.

The Magic Carpet

ONCE again a fairy tale of the East has been brought to life by the aeroplane, which now takes its place with the Magic Carpet as a vehicle of escape from captivity. An imaginative scene produced at the R.A.F. display in 1927 has had its counterpart in real life. Vickers' "Victorias" and D.H.9a's from Peshawar in the North-West frontier of India carried out a magnificent piece of work in rescuing European women and children from Kabul. Fortunately, the aerodrome of the besieged city was quite near the town, and this might well be an example to us when planning aerodromes throughout the Empire, for one never knows when wings may solve an ugly problem.

A Gipsy in Italy

IN a competition for touring light aeroplanes held recently at Montecelio, a Caproni fitted with a standard Gipsy engine took first place by an enormous margin from a large field of starters. The pilot was Major de Bernardi, the official holder of the world's air speed record and winner of the Schneider Cup in 1926, and he has expressed the greatest admiration for the engine, which ran perfectly throughout the trials.

Our task in withholding the Schneider Cup from the Italians this year will be by no means easy. Such brilliant engineers can be expected to improve the performance of their previous machines considerably, and we have also to contend against a strong French team; finally, the Americans have entered at the last minute. The race over the Solent in August will be the first international air event held over British waters since 1922.

To Pilots Crossing the Irish Sea

ARRANGEMENTS have now been made whereby the movements of aircraft crossing from England to the Free State, or *vice versa*, may be reported by the Meteorological Station at Holyhead and by the Officer Commanding Baldonnell Aerodrome, Dublin, so that in the event of non-arrival at either end there will be a general broadcast to shipping. Pilots should read the Air Ministry's Notice to Airmen, No. 82, issued in December last, which sets out the procedure they must adopt in order to get the benefit of this facility.

Those who find themselves compelled to alight in the "ditch" might remember that a land machine will float for some hours in a moderate sea, if it is set down carefully into wind. Possibly the best type of life jacket is one lined with specially treated rubber, which retains its buoyancy indefinitely, and is both comfortable and warm to wear.

Twenty Years of "Flight"

OUR aeronautical contemporary celebrated last week its twentieth anniversary, and, from small beginnings, supported by enthusiasm and the good wishes of those rash enough to take the air in the box kites and "bird cages" of the day, this journal has become one of the leaders of technical opinion in a world which will be developed more by aviation than through almost any other recent invention. An international spirit of peace and goodwill can be created through a better understanding of the other man's point of view. By means of a rapid system of transport this objective will be reached gradually.

The Trail of the "Cirrus"

LIEUT. BENTLEY'S third flight between South Africa and London was completed successfully last month with the aid of the same trusty "Cirrus" engine which has now kept ticking over merrily for some 500 hours. As an award for merit it was promoted from Mark II to Mark III for the last flight, and can now boast of knowing Africa backwards.

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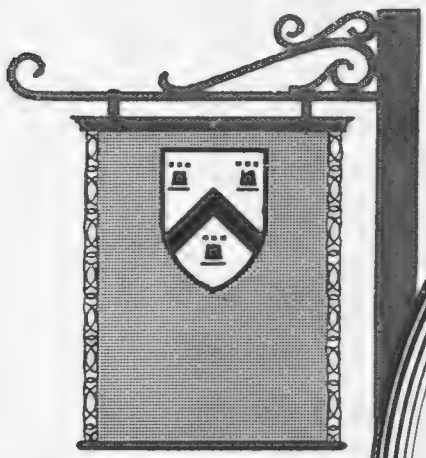
82, REGENT STREET (*Opposite Piccadilly Hotel*)
44, PICCADILLY CIRCUS (*Next to the Monico*)



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T.T 42 W.a

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Farina Madonna Eau-de-Cologne (above) is delicately fragrant and refreshing
This beautiful coat of sable-dyed squirrel on the left comes from The City Fur Stores
A neatly tailored suit is a faithful friend. This one on the right has been built by Smee
Sketches by Clyte

Piquant Tailored Suits

THE distinctive charm of a plain tailored suit is one that never palls. No English woman could ever feel that her wardrobe was complete unless it contained at least one costume, cut on severely simple lines, for her reputation, so far as such clothes are concerned, is unassailable. In them she looks her very best. The fact that they are economical is also a factor in their favour, for they date very little, and are absolutely correct on so many occasions. Sketched on this page is an admirable suit that has been built by Smee, 55, South Moulton Street, W., who makes a specialité of tailor-made costumes for £6 6*s*. They are cut and fitted by an expert, and are always exceedingly smart. Wrap coats in tweeds and silk are also made here, and are of exalted merit.

The Comfort of Furs

THE cold bright days of winter always make acute the ambition that lies in the heart of every woman to own beautiful furs. Throughout January, at the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, there will occur opportunities which it would be folly to miss. The sumptuous coat sketched on this page is of sable-dyed squirrel, and it costs only 69 guineas. A mink marmot coat which was 42 guineas is priced at 26 guineas; another of French seal coney with collar and cuffs of South American skunk, is reduced from 35 guineas to 25 guineas. For 12 guineas, instead of 18 guineas, there are French coney coats trimmed with natural skunk, while fur ties will be available from 3 guineas.

A Haunting Fragrance

AT this season of the year, when the social round is a very strenuous one, and no day seems long enough for one to be able to enjoy the numerous exciting things that are crowded into it, the fragrance of Eau-de-Cologne is especially rejoiced in by women who must remain fresh in appearance and in mind. Farina Madonna Eau-de-Cologne, which is distinguishable at a glance by the gold triangle which adorns every bottle, has a delicate aroma which is as pungent as a fresh breeze, and as inspiring. It is invaluable when one is weary and depressed.

A Real Boon

ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND bargains are obtainable at H. J. Nicoll's winter sale, which is now in progress, for a tailored overcoat or a neat costume dates very little. The former are offered at 3 guineas—for men and women—and the latter at 4 guineas. Evening gowns, afternoon frocks, and fully-chromed leather coats are also greatly reduced in price. A visit should certainly be paid to 114, Regent Street, for, in addition to these attractions, a reduction of 15 per cent. will be allowed off ordinary prices in the made-to-measure section.

Housewife's Delight

OF special interest is the announcement of the January Sale at Hamptons, Pall Mall East. This firm is making a special offer of a very fine quality seamless Axminster carpets in many delightful designs, which constitute an actual saving of nearly 6*s*. in the £. Stair carpets of the same type, 22½in. wide, are reduced from 9*s*. 6*d*. to 6*s*. 9*d*. a yard, while those 27in. wide are 7*s*. 11*d*. instead of 9*s*. 11*d*. Fine Turkey carpets are also very greatly reduced. Cretonnes and printed linens in charming chintz designs are also being sold in a great many cases at about half price.

Replenishing the Winter Wardrobe

AFTER the Christmas and New Year festivities most of us find that our wardrobes are suffering from an attack of exhaustion, which makes the opportunity of replenishing them which is given by the sale of such a well-known house as Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, doubly welcome. This firm is not issuing a catalogue this year, as the reductions are decided only a few days before the event, but in every department bargains may be secured.

Tailored Perfection

THE woman who rides knows full well that nothing is more important than a habit which is irreproachable in every respect. The smallest error can spell misery and put one for ever beyond the pale. Those that come from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, are perfect in every detail. The astride habit sketched on this page is of cavalry twill, the coat in brown, and the breeches in fawn. The warm "Inverary" cape-coat can be carried out in plain or plaid Aquascutum cloth in any colour. It is double-breasted, and the cape falls over the shoulders only. During January and the early part of February a sale will be held, when the famous Aquascutum garments will be considerably reduced in price.

A warm "Inverary" cape-coat carried out in plain or plaid Aquascutum cloth, and an irreproachable astride habit built by Aquascutum

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

New Goods for Old

NOW that the school holidays are drawing to a close, and the festivities of the New Year belong to the happy past, a glance through one's wardrobe and around one's home is apt to strike dismay to the heart. It is at such times that Achille Serre proves a friend indeed. Curtains, carpets, cushions, chair covers, lamp shades—all may be cleaned and renovated, or new colour schemes may be evolved by their aid, for they are expert dyers. Fragile dresses and shawls, feather fans and exquisite furs may be entrusted to them, and shoes and gloves take on a fresh lease of life after their ministrations. They have many branches in and around London.

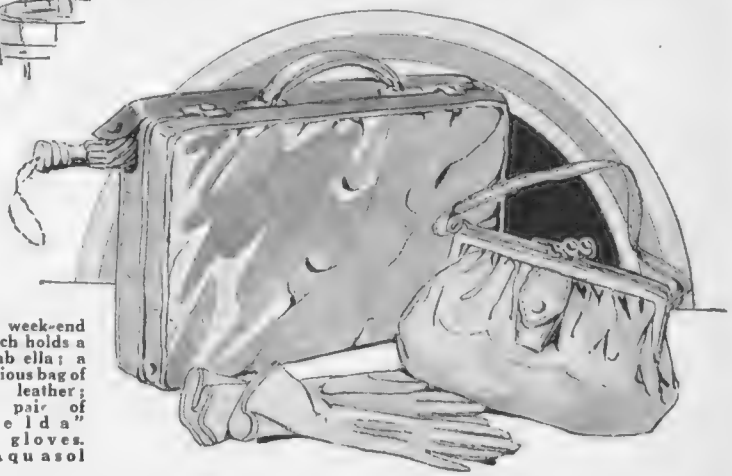
Furnishing fabrics, or those of the most delicate texture can be entrusted to Achille Serre, by whose aid delightful new colour schemes can be evolved

Firm Favourites

THERE is a fascination which cannot be denied about a shop where leather goods are sold. At Aquasol, 314, Regent Street, many admirable and novel things may be found, and it should be noted that they hold the agency for the well-known "Mark Cross" articles. Illustrated at the foot of this page is an ingenious week-end "Brolly" case, which is priced at 30s. Covered in any coloured waterproof material, the small umbrella slides into a roll which takes up very little room inside the case, and prevents any dampness from reaching the contents. The useful bag is of morocco, and is obtainable in any shade. There are two sections, with separate fastenings, and it has a small outside purse destined to hold coppers. It costs only 19*s.* 6*d.* The gloves, of "Gazelda" *suède* in vivid hues, are available for 12*s.* 6*d.*

Wonderful Offers at Knightsbridge

A GLANCE at the January sale catalogue issued by Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, is full of interest. In the inexpensive gown department is to be found a charming afternoon frock, made in heavy *crêpe*, for 98*s.* 6*d.*; or a coat-frock in charmelaine or wool marocain for the same price. An alpaca wool cardigan, belted across the front, is reduced from 39*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*, or a jumper in wool with stripes in tinsel thread costs 21*s.* instead of 42*s.* Soft wool nightdresses collared with triple ninon are reduced from 29*s.* to 21*s.*



A novel week-end case which holds a neat umbrella; a commodious bag of morocco leather; and a pair of "Gazelda" suède gloves. From Aquasol

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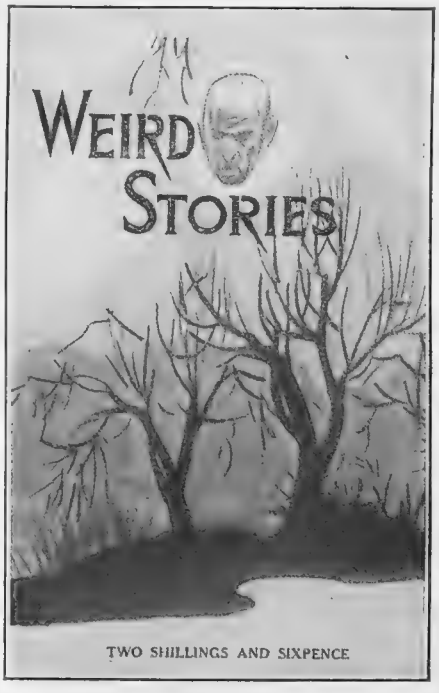

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Double Consommé Delhi

Consommé with julienne of celery and tomatoes, served with straws of curry separately.

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Fillets of sole cooked in Australian Imperial Reserve white wine, garnished with lobster and quenelles, finished with white wine sauce.

Wings of Surrey Chicken Volnay

A fillet of chicken sauté in butter; spread over the top a purée of mushrooms, and sauce with a Mornay sauce. Serve round the dish with a gravy finished with butter.

Maize Croquettes

Mix maize in a cream sauce. Thicken it with yolks of eggs. Season salt and pepper. Allow to cool. Shape into croquettes. Egg and breadcrumb, and fry.

Woodcock Empire

Cook the woodcocks eight minutes, remove the legs and wings, dress them in a cocotte, keep the interior in reserve. Baste the carcass with a glass of Australian Imperial Reserve red wine and a glass of whisky; pass all through a press and keep this juice in reserve. Chop finely the interior with two chicken livers, salt and pepper. Heat slowly and add the juice of an orange and a small piece of lemon peel. Do not allow to boil. Season to taste. Sauce the woodcock and serve.

Canadian Salad

Remove the inside of an apple and fill up with the following recipe: apple, pineapple, banana, celery, cut in dice, mixed with mayonnaise sauce and cream, and juice of lemon.

Cape Town Peaches Pompadour

Poach the peaches in vanilla syrup, dress them on some vanilla ice, and sauce with whipped cream mixed with large glass of South African liqueur.

Dinner

COLCHESTER OYSTERS.

DOUBLE CONSOMMÉ DELHI.

FILLETS OF SOLE MELBOURNE.

WINGS OF SURREY CHICKEN VOLNAY.
MAIZE CROQUETTES.

ROAST SADDLE OF LAMB.
JERSEY BEANS.
NEW POTATOES WITH MINT.

WOODCOCK EMPIRE.
CANADIAN SALAD.

CAPE TOWN PEACHES POMPADOUR.
COFFEE. LIQUEURS.

Menu of dinner composed by M. Charles, Manager of Claridge's Restaurant, with recipes by M. Pagot, Chef de Cuisine

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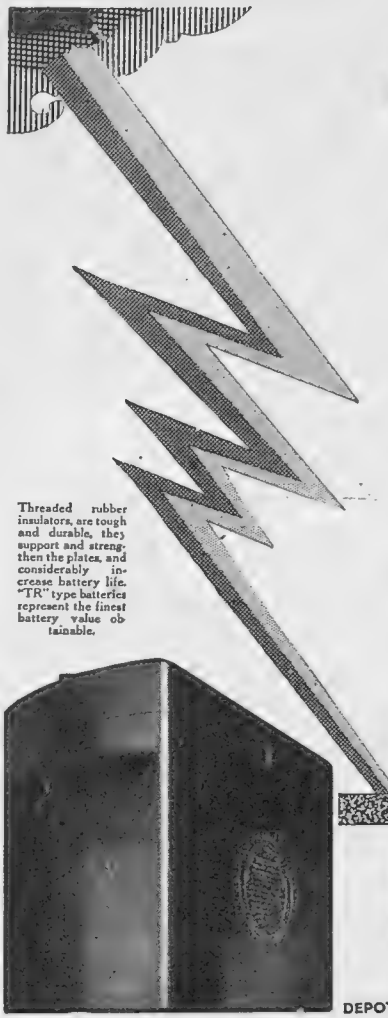

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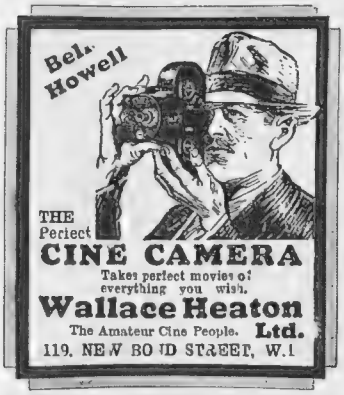

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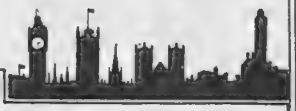

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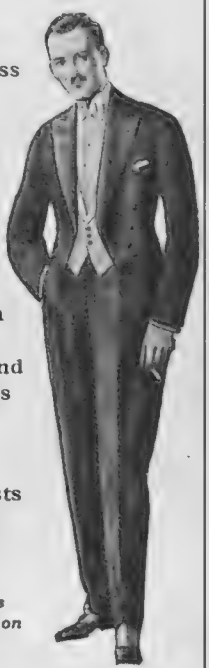

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A group of revellers at the Norfolk Hotel, Cliftonville, where a delightful fancy dress party was held on Boxing Night

Miss Sylvia and Miss Kathleen Fayre photographed at the Kit-Cat Club Restaurant in their attractive Winter Sports costumes from Burberrys, Haymarket

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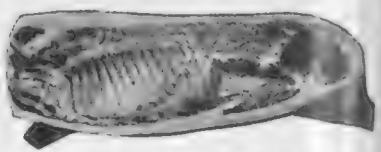

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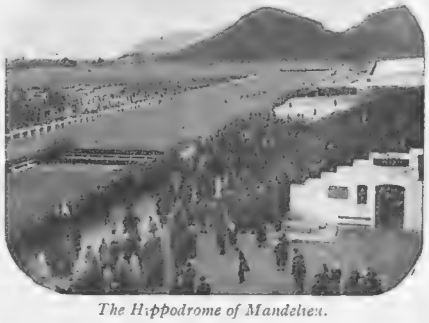

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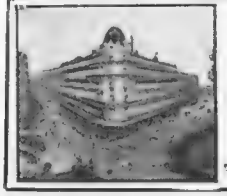

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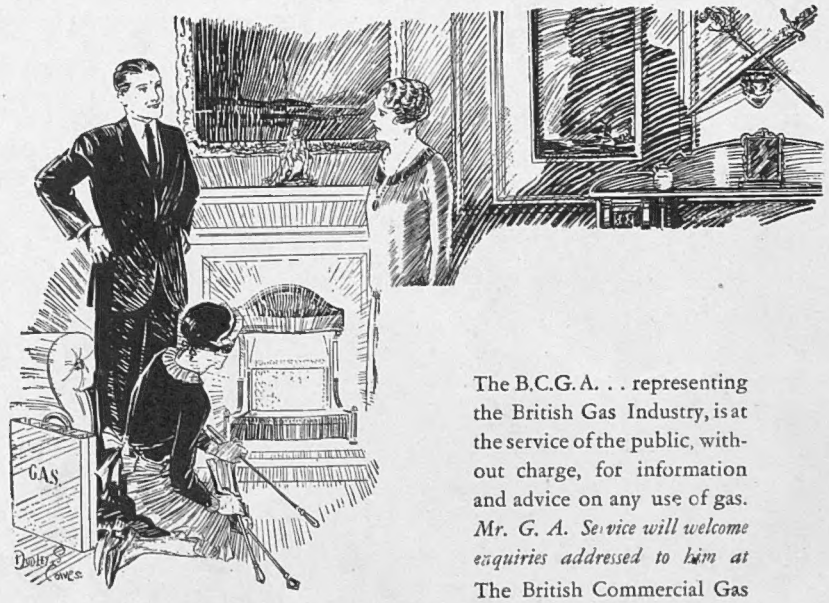

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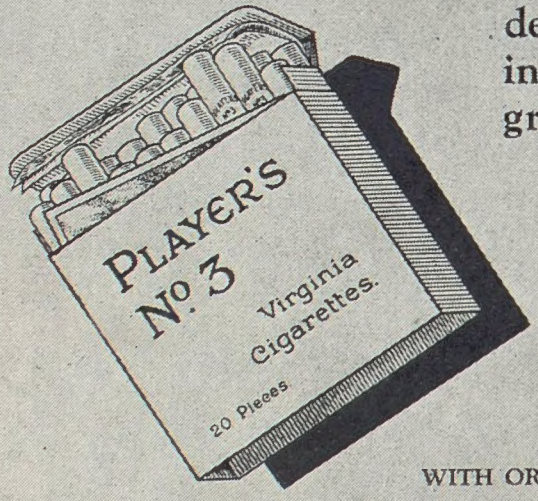

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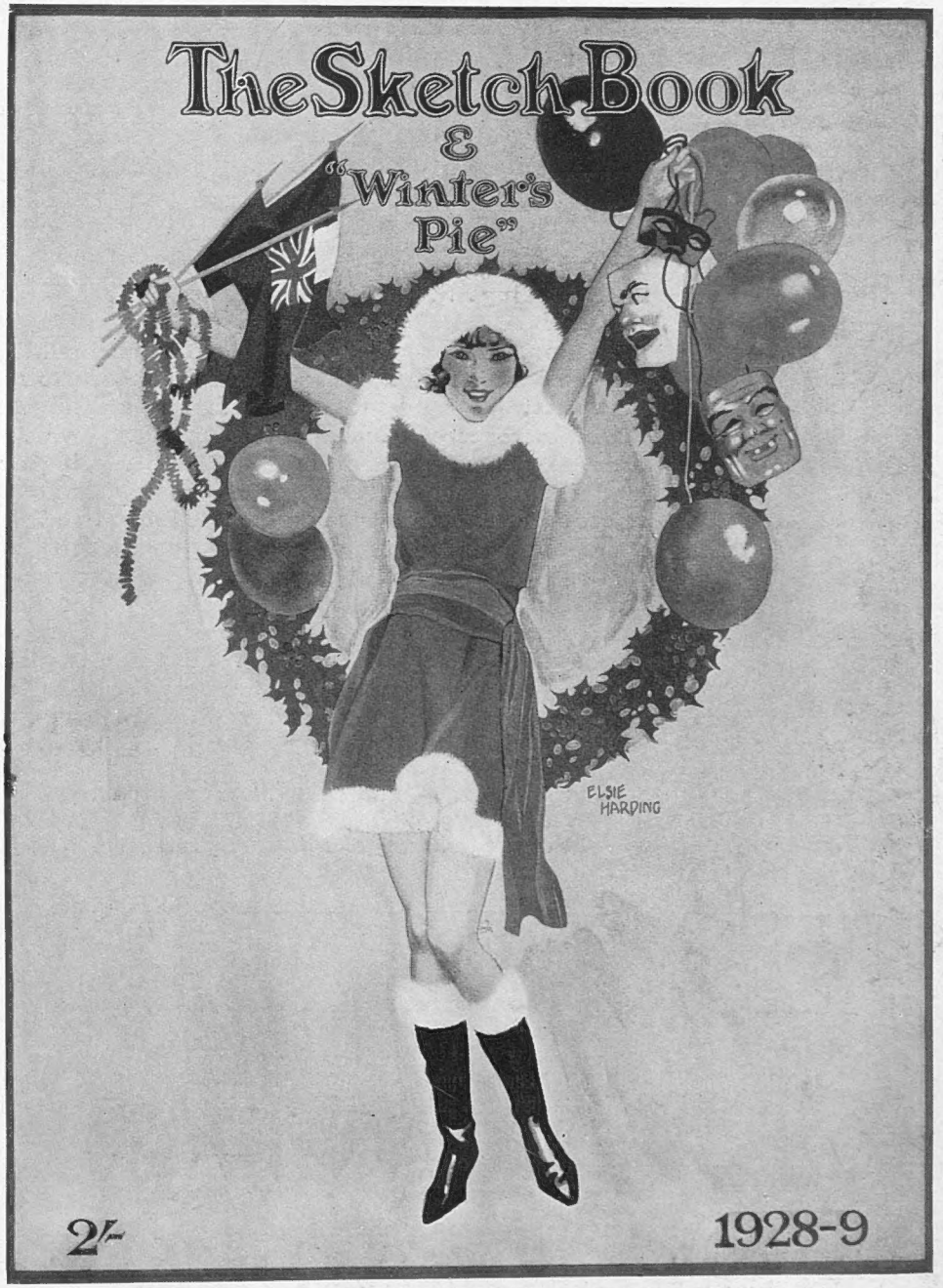

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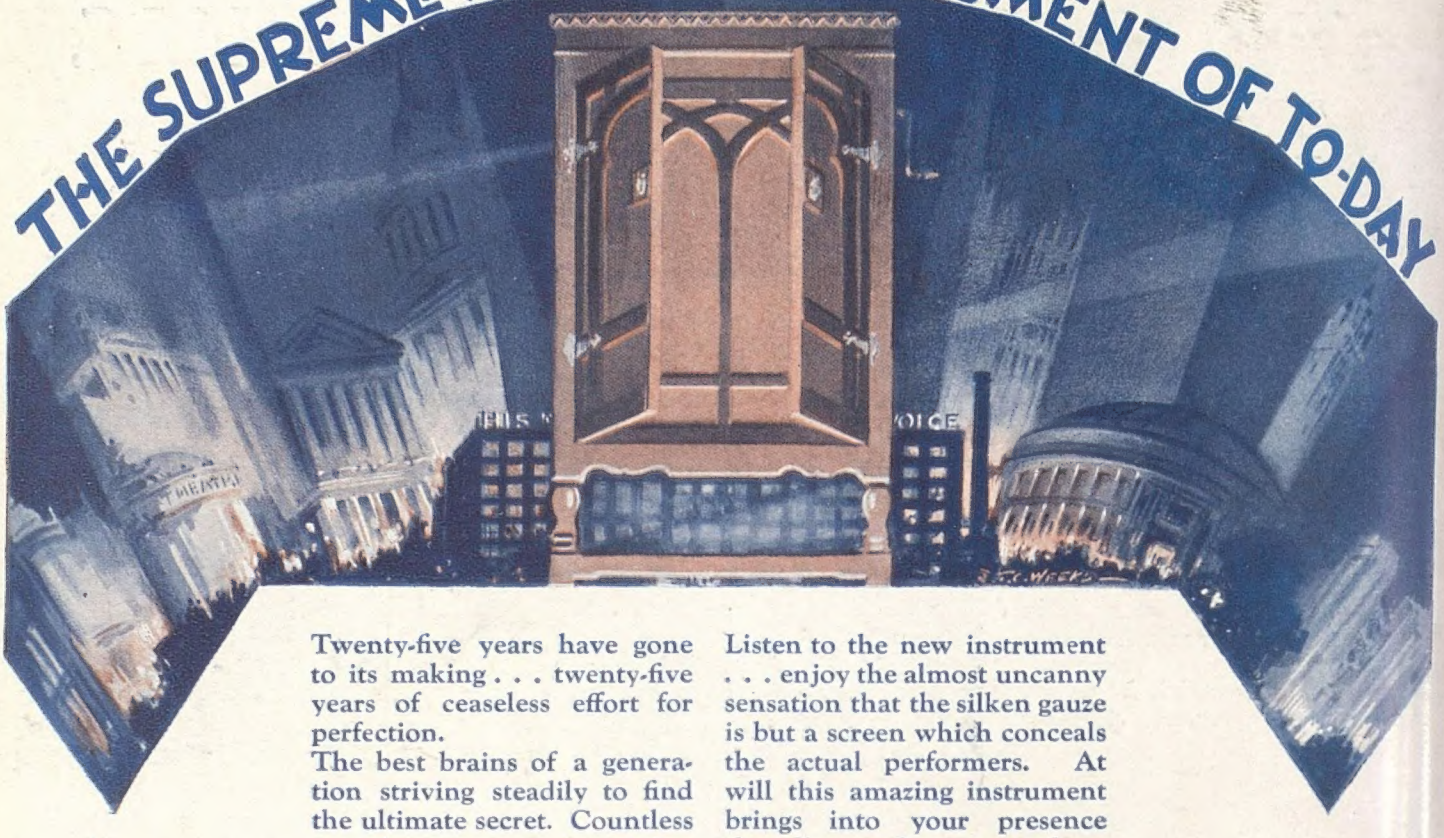

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